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**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

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## Pro-Slavery.

### *THE FIERCE WRATH OF VIRGINIA.*

[The following bill was passed in the Virginia House of Delegates, on the 24th ult. Another bill, marked by still harsher features, was first introduced, but it proved too strong a dose even for the slave-breeding Democrats of the Old Dominion.]

AN ACT TO PROTECT JAMES PARSONS, JR., OF HAMPSHIRE, AND OTHERS, CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH, IN THE PROSECUTION AND MAINTENANCE OF THEIR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.

Whereas, it appears to the satisfaction of the General Assembly of Virginia, that James Parsons, Jr., a citizen of the County of Hampshire, in the State of Virginia, went from said County to the County of Blair, in the State of Pennsylvania, in pursuit of a fugitive slave, the property of the uncle of said Parsons; that said Parsons on getting into the cars at Gaysport, in said State of Pennsylvania, found on board of them the said slave, who, as soon as he saw said Parsons, before any attempt was made to arrest him, jumped from the cars and fled; that said Parsons pursued and apprehended him, having authority from the owner so to do; that said slave was forcibly taken from the possession of Parsons by a mob, Parsons himself seized and maltreated; that men were found to swear that said slave was a free man, notwithstanding that he had admitted, both by actions and words, that he was a slave; that a Justice of the Peace of the said County of Blair ordered the said Parsons to be confined in prison, unless he, an utter stranger, would give surety in the sum of four thousand dollars to appear in said County at the next Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, to answer a charge of attempting to kidnap and a breach of the peace; that a Grand Jury was formed at said Court of Quarter Sessions to indict the said Parsons for an attempt to kidnap a free negro—an offence by the laws of Pennsylvania punishable with confinement in the Penitentiary; that the said Parsons, upon the finding of said indictment, was again required to enter into recognizance in the sum of one thousand dollars, with a surety or sureties for the sum of two thousand conditioned for the appearance of the said Parsons at the said County of Blair on the fourth Monday of January, in the year 1856, and be tried on the charge aforesaid, or to be committed to prison; that the said Parsons, finding with difficulty two individuals willing to become his sureties, entered said last mentioned recognizance with them; that the General Assembly, satisfied that a fair trial is not to be expected, is unwilling that the liberty of any innocent citizen of this State should be put in jeopardy, by being tried upon the testimony of negroes and perjured persons, before a jury summoned from a community exhibiting such an entire disregard of the rights of others and the laws of the land; therefore,

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia, that the Commonwealth of Virginia doth hereby assume on behalf of the said James Parsons, Jr., whom she feels called on to protect, to pay and discharge all costs, fines, forfeitures, penalties or other charges of whatsoever character, which he or his sureties may incur and be adjudged to pay by reason of his non-appearance, in pursuance of said recognizance, to be tried as aforesaid, or which may be incurred in defending him or his sureties from liability under the recognizance or bail for his appearance aforesaid.

The Governor of the Commonwealth is hereby authorized and directed to pay out of the civil contingent fund any sum or sums of money for which, by reason of this act, the Commonwealth of Virginia may become liable, upon the proper authentication of the facts on which such payment is made to depend.

If the Commonwealth of Virginia be required to pay, and shall pay, any sum of money by reason of a judgment of the State of Pennsylvania in this behalf and under the provisions of this act, the Governor of this State is hereby authorized and required to demand the amount of said payment, with the costs of defending the said James Parsons, Jr., and his sureties, from the State of Pennsylvania, through the Governor and Legislature thereof.

Whenever hereafter any citizen of Virginia shall be arrested or convicted in a non-slaveholding State, in consequence of acts connected with or growing out of the recapture of a fugitive slave, or the attempt to maintain the possession of a slave, and it shall be proven to the satisfaction of the Governor of Virginia that the said citizen was engaged in the lawful prosecution or maintenance of his constitutional rights or those of one of his fellow-citizens, then he shall be entitled to all the remedies herein provided in the case of James Parsons, Jr. And the powers and the duties of the Governor of Virginia in such cases shall be the same as are here conferred and imposed upon him in the said case of John Parsons, Jr.

If the said James Parsons, Jr., shall hereafter be arrested and imprisoned upon the charge aforesaid, or shall be arrested, tried and convicted upon the same, and sentenced to the Penitentiary of the State of Pennsylvania, or be therein confined, the Governor of Virginia is directed to demand his immediate surrender and release from the proper authorities of Pennsylvania, and in default thereof shall cause the right of habeas corpus to be applied for, and such other proceedings to be had as to him shall seem best in his behalf; and if the said writ and proceedings shall not effect the release and surrender of the said James Parsons, Jr., in such time as the Governor shall deem reasonable under the circumstances, then it shall become the duty of the Governor, and he is hereby directed to make proclamation of the fact, and within thirty days after said proclamation he is hereby directed to convene the Legislature, if not in session; and if in session, to communicate to the General Assembly the facts of the case, to be provided for by law as they may think best.

This act shall be in force from its passage.

[The above bill, after a fiery debate, in the course of which several members ventured to express doubts as to its expediency and constitutionality, passed the House of Delegates by a vote of 101 to 12. The Senate, however, enacted the following as a substitute, and the two Houses at the last accounts had not been able to agree.]

"Be it enacted, &c., That the Commonwealth of Virginia doth hereby assume, on behalf of the said James Parsons, Jr., whom she feels called on to protect, to pay and discharge all costs, fines, forfeitures, penalties or other charges, of whatsoever character, which he or his sureties may incur and be adjudged to pay by reason of his non-appearance in pursuance of said recognizance, to be tried as aforesaid, or which may be incurred in defending him or his sureties from liability under the recognizance or bail for his appearance aforesaid. And it shall be the duty of the Governor of this Commonwealth to employ counsel, and to take such steps as may in his opinion be necessary to test the validity of the law of Pennsylvania, and the proceedings in Court against James Parsons, Jr., and his sureties."

[In drawing a distinction between the two bills, the Virginia *Examiner* says:]

"The bill which passed the House was, in substance, a bill to encourage the arrest of Virginians pursuing their slaves into free States by paying large sums of money into the treasuries of those States. It was modified in the Senate, very properly, into what was, in substance, a bill for paying several thousand dollars to Pennsylvania as a compensation for arresting Parsons, who was pursuing his slaves there, and prosecuting him on false pretences."

### *ALL LABOURING MEN OUGHT TO BE SLAVES.*

From The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.

UNTIL recently, the defence of slavery has laboured under great difficulties, because its apologists (for they were mere apologists) took half-way grounds. They confined the defence of slavery to mere negro slavery; thereby giving up the slavery principle, admitting other forms of slavery to be wrong, and yielding up the authority of the Bible, and of the history, practices and experiences of mankind. Human experience, showing *the universal success of slave society*, and *the universal failure of free society*, was unavailable to them, because they were precluded from employing it, by admitting slavery in the abstract to be wrong. The defence of mere negro slavery involved them in a still greater difficulty. The laws of all the Southern States justified the holding of *white men* in slavery, provided, through the mother, they were descended, however remotely, from a negro slave. The bright mulattoes, according to their theory, were wrongfully held in slavery.

The line of defence, however, is now changed and the North is now completely cornered, and dumb as an oyster. The South now maintains that *slavery is right, natural and necessary*. It shows that all Divine, and almost all human, authority justifies it. The South further charges that the little experiment of *free society* in Western Europe has been, from the beginning, *a cruel failure*, and that *symptoms of failure are abundant in our North*. While it is far more obvious that negroes should be slaves than whites, for they are only fit to labour, not to direct, *yet the principle of slavery is itself right, and does not depend upon difference of complexion*. Difference of race, lineage, of language, of habits and customs, all tend to make the institution more natural and durable; and although slaves have been *generally whites*, still the masters and slaves have generally been of different national descent. Moses and Aristotle, the earliest historians, are both authorities in favour of this difference of race, but not of colour.

### *SLAVERY OR DISSOLUTION.*

From the Message of Gov. McRea, of Mississippi.

UPON the questions embraced in these resolutions [resolutions of the Maine Legislature] Mississippi has taken her position; not hastily, but calmly, deliberately. It is embodied in her action in Convention in 1851; when, after the most grave consideration of the subject, she declared, in reference to what were termed the "Measures of Compromise," and, in connection with them, the rejection by Congress of the proposition to exclude slavery from the Territories, and to abolish it in the District of Columbia, that while she did not entirely approve, she would abide by them as a permanent adjustment of a sectional controversy. *She, at the same time, declared that she held the Union secondary to the rights and principles it was designed to perpetuate, and that violations of her rights might occur, which would amount to intolerable oppression, and justify a resort to measures of resistance*, among which she enumerated the following:

*First*—The interference by Congressional legislation with the institution of slavery in the States.

*Second*—Interference with the trade in slaves between the States.

*Third*—Any action of Congress on the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia or in places subject to the jurisprudence of Congress, incompatible with the safety and domestic tranquillity or the rights and honour of the slaveholding States.

*Fourth*—The refusal by Congress to admit a new State into the Union on the ground of her tolerating slavery within her limits.

*Fifth*—The passage of any law by Congress prohibiting slavery in any of the Territories.

*Seventh*—The repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, and the neglect or refusal by the General Government to enforce the Constitutional provisions for the reclamation of fugitive slaves.

I therefore recommend to the Legislature, in response to the resolutions of Maine, to return to her resolutions unanimously reaffirming the position of Mississippi, with a calm, temperate and dignified exposition of our rights, and our determination to maintain them *at all hazards*. If, then, Maine and our Northern sisters shall make the issue of the Union with us upon the Constitution, the responsibility will be with them, and the right with us, whatever may be the result.

## Selections.

### *THE RIGHT OF SLAVE TRANSIT.*

MAJORITY REPORT TO THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Committee on Judiciary, to whom was referred the petition of Col. Joseph Paxton, of Cattawissa, praying for the enactment of a law securing to the citizens of slaveholding States of this Union the right of transit through this State, with their slave property, respectfully report that they have had the subject under consideration, and have come to the conclusion that the right of transit through Pennsylvania, with their slaves, is already secured to the citizens of the slaveholding States by the law of nations and the Federal Constitution; and that no statute of this State affects to disburb that right. Before the adoption of the Constitution of 1787, slaves were held and recognised as property in all the States of the Confederation save one. Each State was a sovereign and independent republic, and that comity which is recognised by the law of nations, as existing between friendly Powers, extended to and prevailed among the several States, and the right of transit with their then undisputed property was not contravened.

Upon the adoption of the Constitution, property in slaves was positively recognised, and especially protected, by the provision for the rendition of fugitives from labour. Slaves were recognised as legitimate property at that time not only by the Federal Constitution, but by the laws of the several States of the Union, including Pennsylvania.

Having adopted the Constitution, and thus plighted her honour to the faithful observance of all its covenants, she will not now dishonour herself by denying her bond or violating any of its obligations. The law of nations gives the right of peaceable and orderly transit to both persons and property, and that right is ratified and confirmed by the Constitution, more especially in the clause which reserves to Congress the exclusive right to regulate commerce among the States. This reserved right is construed by the Courts to include intercourse and the transportation of property, and most clearly excluded the right of individual States to prohibit intercourse and the transportation of property. The question of property of course referred to the *locus in quo* of the illegal owner. The Constitution declares that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," and will any Pennsylvanian deny his own right to pass with his property over and along the public highways of Virginia? And if he will not, why are not the rights of the citizens of the two States reciprocal?

Your Committee deny that Pennsylvania has passed an unconstitutional law interdicting a peaceable and friendly intercourse between the citizens of the several sister States of this Union, and refusing to permit their property to accompany their persons. The act of the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1st March, 1780, as explained by the act of 29th March, 1788, recognises the prior right of persons, with their domestic slaves, to pass and sojourn in this State for six months, and does not attempt to disturb that right, but declares all slaves to be free who are retained by inhabitants, residents and intended residents. Thus we have a clear distinction made and kept up between the rights, in the respect of passers through, sojourners and inhabitants, residents and intended residents.

Then comes the act of the 3d of March, 1847, which repeals so much of the act of 1780 "as authorizes the masters or owners of slaves to bring and retain such slaves within this Commonwealth for the period of six months, in involuntary servitude, or for any period of time whatsoever." We believe that this act hugs the wind closely, and sails between the rock of the Constitution on one hand and the whirlpool of its open repudiation on the other. It does not purport to take away from their masters the domestic slaves attending upon their persons, as they pass through the State. It does not prohibit the bringing of them within it. It only forbids the bringing and retaining of them here. It may affect the slaves of sojourners, but it cannot reach persons or slaves in transit, because they are not both brought and retained within the Commonwealth. An act of Assembly will not be construed to be unconstitutional by implications, nor when a constitutional construction can be fairly given to it.

This Commonwealth has properly abolished slavery within her own bounds, but beyond them she has no jurisdiction over it. Our Southern brethren are protected in their property by a stronger bulwark than an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and your Committee cannot consent to disgrace our Commonwealth in the eyes of the civilized world by assuming to give that which she has neither the power nor the inclination to take away.

Your Committee therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

MINORITY REPORT.

The undersigned members of the Judiciary Committee, being unable to concur with the majority of said Committee in the views and principles set forth in their able and learned report, on the petition of Col. Joseph Paxton, of Catawissa, praying the Legislature to enact a law securing to the citizens of slaveholding States, who may pass through this Commonwealth, or transiently sojourn therein with their slaves, all the rights of property in said slaves guaranteed to them by the laws of any other States, and making it a penal offence to attempt by word or deed to decoy, or in any manner to alienate, the said slaves from their said owners against the said owners' will, feel that it is due to themselves, as well as the people of the Commonwealth, that they should set forth the ground of their dissent.

We do not concur with the majority "that the right of transit through Pennsylvania with their slaves is already secured to the citizens of the slaveholding States, by the law of nations and the Federal Constitution, and that no *statute* of this State affects to disturb it." Neither can we give our assent to the reasoning and doctrines generally laid down in the report of the majority. We do not propose to advance any views in conflict with the vested rights of the slaveholding States, to impugn the compromises of the Constitution, or to enter into any of the vexed questions growing out of Congressional legislation on the subject of slavery, much less do we intend to discuss the great *moral* and *political evil* of slavery, from which this Commonwealth has been so happily exempted by the humane and enlightened legislation of the past, gradually removing this pernicious institution, by a cautious and progressive series of acts, from the soil of Pennsylvania. We shall confine our remarks to the points in which we differ from the majority. *First:* We hold that slavery is exclusively a local institution, and that it is not recognised by the law of nature, the common law, or the civil law. Such is the opinion of the ablest writers on jurisprudence.

Blackstone, in his Commentaries, vol. I., page 42, says upon the law of nature and the law of revelation depends all human laws, that is to say, no human law should be suffered to contradict these. The law of England abhors and will not endure the existence of slavery within this nation. A slave or negro the instant he lands in England becomes free. When a slave comes within the exclusive jurisdiction of England, he ceases to be a slave, because the law of England positively and notoriously prohibits and forbids the existence of such a relation between man and man.

This was admitted and so expressed by Mr. Webster, as Secretary of State, in his correspondence with Lord Ashburton, in the Creole case. Webster's Works, vol. 3, page 315. The Civil Law takes the same view of slavery, and declares it to be against the rights of nature. Just. Lib., 1 tit. 3, sec. 2d; Vatel's Law of Nations, book 2, ch. 9. When our forefathers immigrated to this country, they brought with them the Common Law of England, and it has become the basis of our own laws.

*Second:* We hold it to be equally clear that the rights of slaveholders to pass through or sojourn in this State with their slaves is not conceded by the Law of Nations. We have already shown that Freedom is the *birthright* and the *natural condition of man*. Story, in his Conflict of Laws, Sec. 104, says: "Personal disqualifications, not arising from the law of nature, but from the customary or positive law of a foreign country, especially such as are of penal nature, are not generally regarded in other countries, where the like disqualifications do not exist. They are strictly territorial, so the state of slavery will not be recognised in any country whose institutions and policy prohibit slavery." The law of slavery is *in invitum*, and when a slave gets out of the territory where it prevails, and out the power of his master, and gets under the protection of another power, without any wrongful act done by the party giving that protection, the right of the master, which is founded on the municipal law of the particular place only, does not continue. The fact of a slave being taken to a country where slavery or involuntary servitude is not tolerated operates on the condition of the slave, and produces immediate emancipation—16 Louisiana Rep. 489; 7 Louisiana Rep. 112.

Slavery exists only by virtue of the laws of the State where it is sanctioned; and if the slave escapes from such State to a free State, he is free, according to the principles of the common law, and recapture in a free State is authorized only by the Constitution and act of Congress. There is no general principle in the Law of Nations which requires such surrender. Jones vs. Vansant, 2 McLean, 596. By the law of nations, no State is bound to recognise slavery in another State, 16 Peters's R., 539, or the state of slavery, as to foreign slaves found within its territorial dominions, when it is in opposition to its own policy and institutions in favour of the subjects of other nations.

The state of slavery is deemed to be a mere municipal regulation founded upon, limited to the range of territorial laws, 16 Peters's, 611. And it is well settled with respect to their municipal regulations that the several States of this Union are to each other foreign. Second, Wash. 298. It appears, therefore, that, by the law of nations, the slaveholder would have no right to pass through our State with his slaves, nor is he entitled to exercise that right by the comity of nations, for it appears to be just as well settled that what is called Communitates, or Comity between States or Nations, cannot prevail in any case where it violates the law of one country, the law of Nature or the law of God. Forbes vs. Cochran 2; Bans and Cress 463. It has been clearly shown by the above authorities that slavery is against the law of nations, and we shall presently show that it is also against the Law of Pennsylvania.

*Third:* Is there such a right recognised in the Constitution of the United States? The clause of the Constitution cited by the majority of the Committee under which the alleged right of transit is claimed is article 1st, section 8, part 3d, "Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes," and article 4, section 2, "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States."

Chief-Justice Marshall, in the case of Gibbon vs. Ogden 9, Wharton 195, in construing article 1, section 8, p. 3d of the Constitution and the powers of Congress to regulate commerce between the States, says, "The genius and character of the whole Government seems to be that its action is to be applied to all the external concerns of the nation and to those internal concerns which affect the States generally, but not to those which are complete within a particular State, and which do not affect other States, and with which it is not necessary to interfere for the purpose of executing some of the general powers of the Government. The complete internal commerce of a State then may be considered as reserved to the State itself. It has been clearly shown that slavery is local and purely the creation of *municipal regulation*, that it is looked upon with disfavour, and is not recognised by the common law, the law of nations or the law of nature."

This clause of the Constitution gives Congress the right to regulate commerce; and if the construction put upon it in the report of the majority be correct, then Congress has the right to regulate commerce in slaves between the States and the bringing and selling of men in our public markets. This is certainly a novel and extraordinary construction of this clause of the Constitution. On what authority it is based we are not informed, as none is cited. That the master's claim to the service of his slave and to a species of property in him has been recognised by our courts and judicial tribunals cannot be denied, but that right is essentially different from his right of property in inanimate things and domestic animals.

His right to the former depends upon arbitrary local laws, and is a violation of man's natural rights, but his property in the latter is acknowledged by the laws of nature and the laws of God. The laws that regard slavery as property are local, and only apply so far as such laws can operate. Such laws do not make them personal property generally, 18 Dickens Rep. 216. The 4th article, section 2d of the Constitution is believed to be still wider from the mark, and to have no more reference to slavery than to the powers to make war. But it secures to citizens of each State the right of ingress, egress or regress into the several States of this Union, and, while there, the same immunities under the law of the State that citizens of the same State enjoy under the laws thereof.

But the citizen does not carry with him the laws of his domicil into a sister State. The moment that he crosses the line of Virginia into this State, he is under the laws of Pennsylvania, and not the laws of Virginia. See 4 John C. 450, 2d Root's Com. 258. And if he brings his slaves with him, the moment that they cross the line they are free.

But it has been decided that the 2d sec. of art. 4th of the Constitution of the United States does not extend to the case of a slave voluntarily carried by his master into another State and left there under the protection of a law declaring him free. Butler Hopper, 1 N. C. R., 499.

There is nothing in the letter or the spirit of the Constitution that will justify the right claimed under it. Nor has the Supreme Court of the United States, nor even our own State Courts, so far as we have been able to ascertain, ever given it such a construction.

By the act of this Commonwealth, passed 1st March, 1780, for the gradual abolition of slavery, it is provided, that all negroes, mulattoes, and others born within this State after the passage of this "Act," should be free. By the Act 3d of March, 1847, sec. 6, so much of the Act of 1st March, 1780, as authorized the masters or owners of slaves to bring and retain such slaves within this Commonwealth for the period of six months in involuntary servitude, or for any period of time whatever, be, and the same is hereby, repealed.

It has been decided that a slave brought into this State since the passage of the "Act of 3d of March, 1847," is *ipso facto free*. Pierce's case, decided in Common Pleas, Philadelphia, 1848. The rule of the Common Law of England in regard to slavery before the Revolution became the common Law of Pennsylvania, except so far as modified by the Constitution of the United States. The fugitives were free the moment that they touched the soil of Pennsylvania; all incidents, accompaniments and attributes of bondage fell from around them. Hoffner and Oliver, 10 Barr 547. If this right of transit with slaves is incorporated in the Constitution itself, then all State laws prohibiting the introduction of slaves would be unconstitutional and consequently void. But several of the States of this Union have enacted just such laws, and they have been passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States, and their validity has never been doubted. Slaves brought into the State of Maryland in violation of the law of that State are declared to be free. Rhoads vs. Bell, 2 Howe Rep. 405; 16 Peters R. 611; Thomas vs. Genesis, 16 Louisiana Rep. 488; 5 Leigh 615; 10 Leigh 697; 9 Gill and Johns 19; 11 Louisiana Rep. 500; 10 Howe Rep. 87.

The right to pursue and recaption of fugitive slaves escaping from their masters into a free State is not raised by the petition referred to the Committee, and has not been noticed in this report. The 7th section of the act of March 3, 1847, having especially repealed the provisions of the act of March 1, 1780, authorizing the masters or owners of slaves to bring and retain such slaves within this Commonwealth, while temporarily sojourning here, and said act never having been pronounced unconstitutional by any Federal tribunal, the undersigned do not deem it expedient, on any ground, to disturb it. We are satisfied that the abrogation of this section of the act of 1847 would lead to sectional discords and domestic disturbances, and that our friendly relations with the citizens of the Southern States, as well as our own peace and tranquillity, will best be maintained by the denial of the prayer of the petitioner.

D. PHELPS,
E. JOY MORRIS,
S. P. MCCALMONT.

### *THE AFFAIR OF THE CYANE AT ANTIGUA.*

From The Antigua Observer.

THE unceremonious appearance of an American ship-of-war in one of our ports last week and the ostensible cause of her visit were the chief topics of conversation and indignant comment for some days. There was nothing extraordinary or objectionable in the fact that the commander of a vessel-of-war, belonging to a foreign power maintaining friendly relations with our Government, had deemed it necessary to call upon our authorities for an explanation of any alleged grievance; but there was certainly enough to provoke ill-feeling in the knowledge that that commander had initiated his proceedings by declining to offer or respond to the customary civilities which civilized nations, as well as individuals, are in the habit of exchanging when they approach each other.

The refusal of the Captain of the Cyane to salute or return a salute from a British man-of-war lying in the port which she had entered was clear evidence that he approached our shores in an angry mood, and that he had, on ex parte evidence, prejudged the case which subsequently he professed to have come only to investigate. The impression, therefore, created on most minds by this indication of a hostile feeling was, that had the commander of the Cyane found us ill-prepared to prevent outrages, extremities of some kind might have been resorted to by him; and, remembering the shooting and burning at Greytown by the then captain and crew of this very vessel, the apprehension was at least natural.

Most of our readers are aware of the circumstances which induced the visit of the Cyane; but as these may possibly be misrepresented elsewhere, we deem it essential to state them as we believe they actually occurred.

On the 9th of November last, the Superintendent of Police having received information that a black man, acting as cook on board the American brigantine Loango, then lying in this port, had declared himself a slave, and, complaining of ill usage from the captain, had offered to the boatmen who had obtained access to him a sum of money for his deliverance, that officer repaired to the Treasury in order to ascertain the name of the alleged slave to enable him to apply for a writ of habeas corpus to remove the man from the vessel. Disappointed in his search, and finding only the number of the crew, and not the names, inserted in the entry of the vessel, he frankly informed the Treasurer, Mr. Price, of the object of inquiry, and having previously engaged the services of a professional gentleman to frame the writ, if required, Mr. Shordiche and Mr. Price repaired on board the Loango, accompanied by a revenue officer.

Arriving on board, Mr. Price inquired whether any goods remained unreported, and, receiving an answer from the mate in the negative, the revenue officer was directed to inspect the vessel; and upon a further question as to the correctness of the report of the number of the crew, the mate voluntarily offered to muster his men, which he accordingly did. The crew being thus assembled, Mr. Shordiche inquired whether they desired to prefer any complaint against the master, to which the men replied in the negative; whereupon Mr. Shordiche directed Jackson (a boatman) to point out the man who had mentioned to him that he had a complaint to make, and the boatmen then pointing to Ross—the alleged slave—stated that he had been informed by him that he was a slave and desired to obtain his freedom.

The man Ross, upon this open disclosure being made, appeared much terrified, and at first denied that he was in bondage; but upon Mr. Shordiche and Mr. Price allaying his fears by intimating to him that he was in a British port, and, if necessary, would be protected, he confessed that he was a fugitive slave from the State of Kentucky, and had, in company with another slave, escaped some weeks before, in hope of reaching Canada, but that, difficulties arising, they had altered their course to Philadelphia. The companion of his flight had shipped on board a vessel bound for London, while he had obtained employment on board the Loango, whose destination, he was told, was St. Thomas.*

Messrs. Price and Shordiche explained to the mate that they were unprovided with any legal means just then to remove the man, but that, having received his statement and ascertained his name, they would, on their return on shore, apply for a writ of habeas corpus to bring him before the proper authority. Whereupon the mate, intimating his desire to avoid further trouble, informed Ross that he had his (mate's) free permission to go on shore if he pleased; and upon Ross acquainting him that he had not completed his ordinary duties, the mate voluntarily excused him, and said he would provide a substitute, and even offered to permit Ross's baggage to go on shore with himself—an offer which Mr. Price declined.

The affidavit of both Mr. Price and Mr. Shordiche and the testimony of the people who accompanied them on board go to prove that there was not the slightest attempt at intimidation or violence, and that the mate was fairly made acquainted with the limits of their legal authority. Indeed, the idea of violence was altogether out of the question, as the party who went on board were entirely unprovided with weapons, save the baton of office which the two policemen—who, dressed in plain clothes, were only allowed by their superintendent, at the suggestion of Mr. Price, to assist in rowing the boat—carried, and the entire party only consisted of Mr. Price, the revenue officer, and Mr. Shordiche, beside the four rowers, among which were included the policemen aforesaid.

The substantial correctness of the above details we have taken much pains to ascertain, and we feel that, beside the honour due to them for obeying the noble impulses of humanity, both Messrs. Price and Shordiche, as conservators of law and order, adopted the course most likely to save a disturbance.

They were unwilling to sue for a writ of habeas corpus upon mere report, and at the same time they were fully aware that the belief once spreading among our population that a human being was detained as a chattel in our harbour would have quickly occasioned agressions on the property and persons of the captain and crew of the Loango, which might have resulted in consequences fearful to contemplate. Both the gentlemen had an undoubted legal right to board the Loango while lying in this harbour, and the other, as a peace-officer, when he had reason to believe that a disturbance was impending; and both acted with the utmost tact in accomplishing a praiseworthy object, and averting those unpleasant consequences which were sure to have ensued but for prompt interference.

The same right would have been exercised, and is exercised by these officers at any time, to board a British vessel, when circumstances render it desirable to do so, and it is rather too much to demand or expect that immunity should be granted to a foreign vessel, which is not claimed by, and, if claimed, would not be conceded to, one of our own.

To prate about an insult to the American flag, or an invasion of the sacred right of American citizens, in this case, is simply an absurdity, worthy of the impudence of the American character. Where is the respect paid to our nationality, when a British vessel, for purposes of commerce, goes into some of the American slave ports, and whatever be the rank, position or responsibility on board the ship of any man happening to possess a tinge of sable in his complexion, he is forcibly dragged out of his vessel and incarcerated in a filthy prison. Hapless, indeed, is the fate of the unlucky wretch if he is unable or his captain is unwilling to defray the cost of his maintenance while in that dungeon. Sold by public outcry, a life of servitude in the rice-swamps of Carolina or in the cane-fields of Louisiana, is his lot, while the name of Briton, to which he lays claim, in hope that it may relax the rigour of his bondage, is echoed back in cruel derision by his relentless taskmasters. We know of more than one personal acquaintance who, not three years ago, was made to taste the luxuries of an American jail, on which occasion the master and owner (a coloured man) of the vessel—sailing out of London—was himself only saved from sharing the fate of the majority of his crew by the perpetration of a fraud, excusable, perhaps, under the circumstance, of presenting a fictitious certificate of his being a native of Malta, which document was manufactured for the express occasion, in London.

With reference to Capt. Fairfax, his Excellency the Governor, after a patient investigation of the whole affair, and a strict examination of all parties concerned, in the presence of the captain of the Cyane, found it impossible to acquiesce in the demands of the captain, either for an apology or record of censure of the conduct of Messrs. Price and Shordiche—ascertaining which decision of his Excellency, the irate commander, we are informed, exhibited a memorandum to the Governor, offering the extreme alternatives of apology or rupture, thus placing the dispute upon a footing involving dishonourable concessions on the one hand, or implying, possibly, compulsory proceedings on the part of the United States Government on the other.

The discussion arriving at such a climax, we are not surprised to learn that his Excellency felt it incumbent on him to decline any further attempt to modify the valiant commander. We believe, however, that, previous to his departure, Captain Fairfax addressed a despatch to his Excellency, intended, no doubt, to be explanatory of the spirit in which he took his departure from Antigua, but which, we understand, was anything but conciliatory.

It is a singular feature in the affair that Mr. Higinbotham, the commercial agent to the United States, did not acknowledge and express his dissatisfaction with the explanatory despatch which the Governor addressed to him immediately after the occurrence complained of. His Excellency was therefore, no doubt, left under the impression that the matter was satisfactorily explained, until the sudden advent of the Cyane dispelled the illusion.

Nor does it appear that Capt. Fairfax was acquainted with such explanation till after his arrival here, when, with a mind already inflamed by a partial statement of the facts of the case and the noisy ebullitions of some half dozen American sympathizers in St. John's, we do not wonder that he was dispossessed of that coolness of judgment which might otherwise have rendered him amenable to reason and caused him to pay some little regard to statements made on oath by gentlemen of high respectability, even although such testimony was somewhat at variance with the story invented by the mate of the Loango, who, it might be presumed, was naturally anxious to excuse himself in the eyes of his captain.

It is to be hoped that this ridiculous quarrel will be suffered to rest where it at present is; but if not, and mischief should ensue, parties in this island feel regret at having—we are willing to believe unthinkingly—while the American commander was in the island, striven their best to foment a dispute which had its origin in a baseless idea of privileges which can never, consistently with far higher and holier claims, be for a single moment tolerated.

We are requested to state, upon reliable authority, that the information received by our cotemporary of *The Register* respecting the orders said to be issued to the Queen's pilot, with reference to the Cyane, is incorrect, and that Mr. Fox was not at any time forbidden to take that vessel out of port. The fact, too, of the Medea having been warped into the position as described by our cotemporary, had nothing whatever—we are also assured by the best authority—to do with the relative situation of the Cyane.

*The Jamaica Standard*, commenting upon the case, says:

"In the case of the Loango there is literally not a pretext of complaint against the British authorities, nor the remotest justification for the ungentlemanly pugnacity of Commander Fairfax. His conduct is precisely what we designated it in our former article. It was that of a bully, who conceived that the threatening aspect of his carronades would frighten the British authorities into humble apology, to his own personal exaltation.

"It is to be hoped that this discourtesy of Commander Fairfax will not be forgotten by British men-of-war, and that when the Cyane, under the command of this valiant Bobadil, does condescend, on a future occasion, to salute the British flag, a befitting silence on the part of our ships will mark the contempt in which his conduct is held by every officer in our service."

* The subsequent detailed account of the adventures of Ross we published some weeks ago in *The Observer*, and it differs in no material point from the clear and convincing narrative of the man given off-hand by himself while on board the vessel.

### *WHY MR. BRADY WAS LYNCHED.*

From The Tribune.

THE following is the letter the publication of which caused Mr. *Brady* to be lynched at Lexington, Ky., by disguised blackguards, after which he was dismissed from his employment by the School Committee and obliged to fly for his life. Kentucky, we imagine, will in future have to manufacture her own schoolmasters; and as her white people are in general too lazy or too illiterate for that occupation, why not seek a supply among the blacks? Among the Romans the teachers and schoolmasters were all slaves. Why should not the South produce a black domestic article of that sort instead of having Northern teachers whom it becomes necessary every once in a while to lynch to pay them off for writing home disagreeable letters? A competent slave schoolmaster might be expected to bring in his master as much as four or five hundred dollars. One skilled in Greek and Latin might, perhaps, be let out for a thousand dollars a year. The experiment is certainly worth trying. It will be seen by the letter below that slave preachers can be hired out at profit. Why not slave teachers?

"CHRISTMAS—SALE OF SLAVES.

"LEXINGTON, Ky., Tuesday, Dec. 25, 1855.

"Mr. EDITOR: Christmas has come around again. It is a great day here (perhaps I should say *week*), especially for two classes—slaves and school children. Most of the former have that day as a holiday, many have a portion of two or three days, and some of them have a whole week; the latter, in most places in this State, have a week, sometimes including New Year's Day. The former, at this place, and in a few of the cities and towns where they have churches, hold fairs to fit them up, or to pay their pastor, if they have a regular one, as happens to be the case in one church in this city, where a man, who claims to be the 'master' of an intelligent negro, rents his 'property' to them at $250 per year to preach to them the everlasting Gospel of the Prince of Peace, though he could not hire him as a labourer for more than $150.

"The free negroes and many of the slaves join in these fairs, and generally have a jolly time. They have cakes, fruits, lemonades, ice-cream, toys, &c. Most of these articles are obtained upon the condition that, if not sold, they can be returned. They put high prices on them, as is common in such places, and I suppose receive most of the profits, perhaps all. In the country and small towns they have no separate churches, but the few who attend preaching occupy galleries in the other churches. A very small portion of those in the country attend meeting at all.

"For the reasons named, Christmas is regarded as a great festival occasion. Everything for several weeks previous—visits, commencing or leaving school, changing of residence, &c., are referred to Christmas as the day of days, or week of weeks.

"Christmas was celebrated in the Episcopal and Catholic Churches. I have just returned from attending the service of the former. Both these churches regard the day with much veneration, and well they may, being the supposed anniversary of the birth of our Saviour—of him 'who spake as never man spake,' whose wisdom and righteousness was above that of all men, and who gave himself a sacrifice for the sins of guilty humanity, so that all who would come unto him might have eternal life. To hear of this Saviour we assembled. Although it was so great an anniversary, and the expected presence of the Bishop was announced, yet but a few persons were scattered over the sanctuary. Notwithstanding the small attendance, all the ceremonies of that denomination were faithfully rehearsed. These were followed by a short but very elegant discourse on the birth, life and death of our Saviour. The prophesies in relation to his coming into the world, his holy life, and victorious death were repeated, the actual verification of these prophesies in his real life and character was dwelt upon; and the noble sentiments which he had uttered, and the rules of conduct which he laid down for the observance of the followers, were made the subject of comment. In conclusion, the minister, on behalf of himself and congregation, in loud strains, thanked our Father in Heaven, that he had given to the world his only begotten Son to die for sinners; that he had cast our lots in a Christian land; and especially, that he had cast them in the most enlightened community in all the earth, where peace, liberty, happiness and Christian privileges are vouchsafed to all.

"We listened attentively, wondered that so few were present, and regretted that more were not in attendance to learn the extent of our blessings, and to receive upon their minds a still more forcible impression of the beauty and excellence of the sentiments uttered by the second person of the adorable Trinity.

"An invocation to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit that their blessings might rest upon us, closed the exercises, and we went forth in thoughtful mood, reflecting on that maxim of our Saviour, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,' which is said to contain the essence of all our duties to our fellowmen, and on those two commandments on which we learn 'hang all the law and the prophets' (see Mat. xii and xxii, 34, 40). Scarcely had we proceeded two squares ere our footsteps were arrested by a crowd of men on the sidewalk, so dense that ladies could not pass, but were compelled to cross to the next sidewalk, pass round and recross beyond them, in order to get their pathway.

"Curiosity at beholding a crowd so much denser than at the church attracted my attention, and led me to halt a moment, when lo! there came to my ears the hoarse notes of an auctioneer, selling a fellow-creature, a human being to the highest bidder.

"Never were my feelings so much shocked. Though I had before witnessed the horrid spectacle of the sale of a human being, yet, upon this day, commemorative of such an event as can never be known again on earth—the birth of the immaculate and only Son of God—and after such a discourse as that to which we had listened, to witness a deed so revolting at any time to the feelings of any one in the least degree imbued with Christian philanthropy, and so contradictory to every precept of Him for whom the day has

## DREADFUL TRAGEDY IN CINCINNATI.

FLIGHT AND CAPTURE OF FUGITIVE SLAVES—A SLAVE MOTHER KILLING HER CHILD TO SAVE IT FROM SLAVERY.

From The Cincinnati Commercial, Jan. 29.

About ten o'clock on Sunday, a party of eight slaves, two men, two women and four children, belonging to Archibald K. Gains and John Marshall, of Richwood Station, Boone County, Kentucky, about sixteen miles from Covington, escaped from their owners. Three of the party are father, mother and son, whose names are Simon, Mary and Robert; the others are Margaret, wife of Robert, and her four children. The three first are the property of Marshall and the others of Gaines.

They took a sleigh and two horses belonging to Mr. Marshall, and drove to the river bank, opposite to the foot of Western Row, where they left them standing in the road, and crossed over to this city on the ice. They were missed a few hours after their flight, and Mr. Gaines, springing on a horse, followed in pursuit. On reaching the river shore, he learned that a resident had found the horses standing in the road as above stated, nearly dead from the hard drive that they had experienced and half frozen with the cold. He then crossed over to this city, and after a few hours diligent inquiry, he learned that his slaves were in a house about a quarter of a mile below the Mill Creek bridge, on the river road, occupied by a negro named Kite, a son of Joe Kite, of infamous notoriety.

He proceeded to the office of United States Commissioner John L. Pendery, and, procuring the necessary warrants, with United States Deputy Marshal Ellis, and a large body of the assistants, went at once to the place where his fugitives were concealed. It is as well here to state that Kite had been formerly owned in the neighbourhood of Richwood Station, and was purchased from bondage by his father. On reaching the house, Major Murphy, a neighbour of Gaines, and who was acquainted with Kite, called on him to open the door, and said that resistance would be useless. This Kite agreed he would do, but delayed so long that the officers attempted to force it open, when a window was suddenly thrown up, and one of the negro men, Robert, presented a pistol and fired. The ball wounded Mr. Patterson, a resident of the Fourth Ward, who had been deputed to assist in the arrest.

He was standing in front of the window, and observing the intention of the negro, threw up his hand at the precise moment his pistol was fired. The bullet cut off one of his fingers, and then struck him in the mouth, inflicting a severe flesh wound. A second party of officers came up, and the doors were forced open, and after a short but desperate resistance the slaves were secured, but not until Robert had fired three times, but without effect. After the conflict was over, a bloody and melancholy spectacle presented itself. One of the slave children was discovered lying on the floor with its head nearly severed from its body; two others, boys, aged about four and five years, were bleeding from wounds in the neck and head, and an infant in the arms of Margaret had its head much swollen and was bleeding quite freely at the nose. The officers state that Simon and Mary, the eldest of the party, made no resistance, but that Robert and Margaret fought with the ferocity of tigers, and that during the affray she struck her infant on the head with a fire shovel, in the opinion of many with the intention of taking its life.

During a conversation with Margaret, she stated to us that she was eating breakfast in company with the other fugitives, when she heard some one cry out, "They are coming, they are coming!" They sprang up in alarm, but before they had time to fly, their captors burst in upon them. She fought with all the strength with which she was capable, and cannot tell how her child was killed and the others wounded, but only knows that the death and the wounding occurred during the affray. This is her story, but it is evident that the bloody tragedy was perpetrated while the officers were seeking admittance, and she is said to have acknowledged the fact of killing her child and wounding the others during the excitement incident to the arrest. The Coroner's inquest, which we give below, will throw some further light upon the subject.

The captives, as soon as arrested, were placed in express wagons, and driven rapidly to the office of the United States Marshal, on Fourth street, between Main and Walnut, followed by a large crowd of excited people. On reaching the Marshal's office, the wounds of the children were examined, when it was found that one of the children had received a flesh wound on the neck, about three inches in length, but barely penetrating the skin—the other was a scalp wound about the same length. They are but little hurt, and yesterday afternoon were playing about the Marshal's office, apparently unconcerned. On questioning the little fellows, they said that some one in the house threw them down and tried to kill them, but they either did not know, or would not reveal who it was.

The slaves, on reaching the Marshal's office, seated themselves around the stove with dejected countenances, and preserved a moody silence, answering all questions propounded to them in monosyllables, or refusing to answer at all. Simon is apparently about fifty-five years of age, and Mary about fifty. The son of Mr. Marshall, who is here in order, if possible, to recover the property of his father, says that they have always been faithful servants, and have frequently been on this side of the river. He relates that they never expressed any dissatisfaction in regard to their remaining in bondage.

Robert is a young man, about twenty-two years old of a very lithe and active form, and rather a mild and pleasant countenance; he is also spoken of by his owner as being an excellent servant. Margaret is a dark mulatto, apparently about the same age with her husband; her countenance is far from being vicious, and her senses, yesterday, appeared partially stultified from the exciting trials she had endured. After remaining about two hours at the Marshal's office, Commissioner Pendery announced that the slaves would be removed to the custody of the United States Marshal until 9 o'clock this morning, when the case would come up for examination.

The slaves were then taken down stairs to the street door, when a wild and excited scene presented itself—the sidewalks and the middle of the streets were thronged with people, and a couple of coaches were at the door in order to convey the captives to the station-house. The slaves were guarded by a strong posse of officers, and as they made their appearance on the street, it was evident that there was a strong sympathy in their favour. When they were led to the carriage doors, there were loud cries of "drive on!" "don't take them!" The coachmen, either from alarm or from a sympathetic feeling, put the whip to their horses, and drove rapidly off, leaving the officers with their fugitives on the sidewalk. They started on foot with their charge, to the Hammond street station-house, which they reached in safety, and secured their prisoners for the night, although followed by a very large crowd of whites and blacks.

The slaves claim that they have been on this side of the river frequently by the consent of their masters.

About 3 o'clock application was made to Judge Burgoyne for a writ of *habeas corpus*, to bring the slaves before him. This was put in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Buckingham to serve, who, accompanied by several assistants, proceeded to Hammond street station-house, where the slaves were lodged. Some time was spent in waiting for the arrival of Mr. Bennett, Deputy United States Marshal. When he arrived, he was unwilling to give them up, and a long time was spent parleying between the Marshal and the Sheriff's officers. The Sheriff being determined that the writ should be executed, Mr. Bennett went out to take counsel with his friends. Finally, through the advice of Mayor Faran, Mr. Bennett agreed to lodge the slaves in the jail, ready to be taken out at the order of Judge Burgoyne. Judge Burgoyne, having to be absent from the the city to-day, will not hear the case until Wednesday morning.

At the station-house, Lieutenant Hazen showed his disposition to favour the slaveholder, by driving out of the room the gentleman who had sworn out the affidavit before Judge Burgoyne, and who had accompanied the Sheriff to point out the persons named in the writ, although he let Mr. Gaines, the slave claimant, come in at pleasure. Mr. Gitchell, counsel for the slaves, remonstrated with him in regard to his course, and upon threats being made to report the case to Mayor Faran, he knocked under, and allowed the gentleman to remain.

### ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

From The Cincinnati Columbian, January 29th.

Arriving at the premises, word was sent the fugitives to surrender. A firm and decided negative was the response. The officers, backed by a large crowd, then made a descent. Breaking open the doors, they were assailed by the negroes with cudgels and pistols. Several shots were fired, but only one took effect, so far as we could ascertain. A bullet struck a man named John Patterson, one of the Marshal's deputies, tearing off a finger of his right hand and dislocating several of his teeth. No other of the officers was injured, the negroes being rendered powerless before they could reload their weapons.

On looking around, horrible was the sight which met the eyes of the officers. In one corner of the room was a negro child bleeding to death. His throat was cut from ear to ear, and the blood was spouting out profusely, showing that the deed was but recently committed. Scarcely was this fact noticed, when a scream issuing from an adjoining room drew their attention thither. A glance into the apartment revealed a negro woman holding in her hand a knife literally dripping with gore, over the heads of two little negro children, who were crouched to the floor and uttering the cries whose agonizing peals had first startled them. Quickly the knife was wrenched from the hand of the infuriated negress, and a more close investigation instituted as to the condition of the infants. They were discovered to be cut across the head and shoulders, but not very seriously injured, although the blood trickled down their backs and upon their sleeves.

The negress avowed herself the mother of the children, and said that she had killed one, and would like to kill the three others, rather than see them again reduced to slavery. By this time, the crowd about the premises had become prodigious, and it was with no inconsiderable difficulty that the negroes were secured in carriages and brought to the United Stases District rooms, on Fourth reet. The populace followed the vehicles closely, but evinced no active desire to effect a rescue. Rumours of the story soon circulated all over the city. Nor were they exaggerated as is usually the case. The incidents were too horrible in themselves to need exaggeration. For once, reality surpassed the wildest thought or fiction.

After the crowd had mostly dispersed, the negroes were removed to the Hammond street station-house, and there confined during the afternoon. Here, as in the former case, access was denied all except officers and friends of the masters.

An omnibus was sent for in which to remove the negroes. Arriving in front of the door, they were taken from the cells, and then it was that we caught a glimpse of their ebony proportions. One of the men and one of the women are very largely built and seem almost of Herculean strength. The other male and female are not above the medium height. The smaller one of the women it was who murdered the child.

Making inquiry of Mr. Gaines, he informed us that the women and children were his property, and that the two men belonged to Mr. Marshall. There was something of intelligence in the countenance of the younger female, and nothing of that ferocity that might have been expected. She held a babe in her arms and seemed to regard it with the usual tenderness of a mother.

Finally, the party of slaves were placed in the omnibus, and Deputy Marshal Bennett and Deputy Sheriff Buckingham got inside the vehicle with the negroes. Deputy Marshal Ellis took the seat with the driver. Reaching Fourth street, the omnibus turned to the left instead of the right toward Sycamore street. Soon the driver paused in front of the United States Court-room. The door of the omnibus was thrown open, and the negroes, assisted by the Marshals and Deputies, were hurried up stairs before the Sheriffs were fairly aware of the game being played upon them.

They did appreciate it, however, before it was entirely consummated, and strongly expressed their disapprobation. They even faintly attempted to resist the Marshals, but their force was too small to enable them to do so effectually. Besides, Deputy Marshal Ellis called on all the people, in the name of the United States, to assist, and flourished a huge revolver, threatening to use it, if the emergency required, sooner than to relinquish his prisoners.

By this time the slaves were up stairs, but with them was Jeff. Buckingham, who soon appeared at the balcony, and, in a loud voice, requested the friends of justice and "State rights" to inform Sheriff Brashears of his position, and request him to send a sufficient force to secure possession of the negroes, in accordance with the requirement of the Probate Court.

The commotion caused by this announcement brought another crowd to the spot, which augmented for a half an hour, and then dwibdled away as the prospect of a collision grew less and less apparent.

From The Cincinnati Commercial, Jan. 30th.

CONFLICT BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND STATE OFFICERS.

At the Hammond street station house on Monday afternoon, when the Mashals found that Mr. Buckingham was determined to have the slaves, they used, we are informed, various means to decoy him out, as was supposed, that they might lock the doors against him. They invited him to go and take a drink at the St. Charles, but Jeff. was not to be caught in any such traps, and determined to stay there till he had the coloured persons aforesaid. The Marshal claimed that they had got the use of the cells from Mayor Faran. Jeff. sent for the Mayor, who came and stated that he had given no authority for the use of cells, and said the jail was the place for the slaves, and advised the Marshal to consent to their removal to that place, which (such at least was the general understanding) they finally agreed to. When Buckingham came down with the omnibus to take the slaves, the Marshal concocted a scheme to prevent the slaves from going into the Sheriff's hand.

Bennett, with the Kentuckians, piled into the omnibus with the slaves, and Jeff. and Marshal Ellis mounted with the driver, and directed him to drive to the United States Court building, instead of to the jail. There the omnibus was stopped, and the Kentuckians and others mounted Jeff. to hold him, while they hustled out the slaves, to take them up to the Marshal's room. Jeff. soon extricated himself, and was up in the Marshal's office with the first slave, and denounced in no very complimentary terms, the bad faith of the Marshals, and announced his purpose to have the slaves at all hazards. Bennett flourished his revolver, and called on the people below, in the name of the United States, to aid him, and drove out of the room several of the Sheriff's Deputies, but did not lay hands on Jeff. By this time a large crowd had collected in the street below, and Jeff. raising the window, called out to the crowd, and directed some one to inform Sheriff Brashears of the situation of things, and requested him to bring with him a posse, to execute the law. In a short time Sheriff Brashears was on hand with a large force, and the Marshals, finding themselves with two small a crowd to make effective resistance, or having done enough to satisfy their official consciences, gave up the slaves.

The negroes were lodged in jail at about 8 o'clock, P.M., under the complete control of the Sheriff.

THE SHERIFF GIVES UP THE SLAVES.

Yesterday, Sheriff Brashears, having taken legal advice, and listened to the general expression of opinions by the Bar, concluded that Judge Burgoyne had no right to issue the writ that had been served on the slaves, and becoming alarmed at his position, saw Marshal Bennett, and signified to him that he did not consider the slaves in his charge, thereby surrendering them up to the United States officers. The return that the Sheriff will make to the Judge is, that the slaves are not in his custody. A sudden recollection of the decision of Judge McLean, in the Rosetta slave case, he said to be the cause of this somewhat precipitate change of front. The Sheriff says that the reports of the collision between his deputies and those of the U. S. Marshal, which have been circulated, are very considerable exaggerations—that there was really nothing particularly ungentlemanly or heroic in the actions of either party.

Mr. Jolliffe examined the slaves yesterday, relative to their having been permitted to cross the Ohio on various occasions. The eldest of the women said that she had been allowed by her master to visit this city, to attend church, and the youngest (the one who it is thought killed her child) said that she had been brought here for the purpose of nursing her mistress, who was sick at one of the hotels.

LATER—MORE PARTICULARS—ACTION OF THE SHERIFF.

The return that the Sheriff proposes to make this morning before Judge Burgoyne is, that he found the slaves in the hands of the United States officers. The writ of *habeas corpus* placed in the hands of the Sheriff is judged invalid, and it was directed to Bennett and Ellis (United States Marshals), as individuals instead of officers; and there are also other alleged pegs to hang doubts upon. The slaves, as now situated, are subject to the control of the Marshals, but are not removed from the jail. It was the understanding, when it was agreed to hold the writ of *habeas corpus* to be invalid, on account of informality, that no trial should take place until the return of Judge Burgoyne, who was, yesterday, called away on private business. But, in the afternoon, Commissioner Pendery notified Jolliffe and Gitchell, counsel for the slaves, that he was ready for immediate trial. They objected to trial on the ground that they were not prepared, and that there had been an agreement to defer operations during the absence of Judge Bnrgoyne.

The case was ultimately postponed. The trial will commence before Commissioner Pendery, at the United States Court rooms, to-day, at 9, A.M., unless another writ of *habeas corpus* is taken out previous to that time, or a criminal process instituted against one of the slave women for the murder of her child. It is rumoured that movements to take such action are in process of preparation by those who are interesting themselves in behalf of the slaves. This will complicate the case so that it is difficult to see where it can end.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE FUGITIVES.

The appearance of the fugitives is favourable in regard to their physical well being, looking as though they had been well fed; their clothing is good and comfortable. We do not hear of them making any complaint of unkind usage on the part of their masters, and we learn from one of the witnesses that when the officers were breaking down the door, Mr. Gaines expressed his anxiety that nothing should be done inconsistent with the law; and especially desired that no harm whatever should be done to the little children.

The mother is of an interesting appearance, a mulatto of considerable intelligence of manner, and with a good address. In reply to a gentleman who yesterday complimented her upon the looks of her little boy, she said, "You should have seen my little girl that—that (she did not like to say—was killed)—that died, that was the bird."

The little boy has a severe wound on his head from which the blood was trickling when the officers made the arrest. He says his mother hit him there with a shovel.

The face of the infant, 9 months old, is much swelled and battered, and one eye swelled, doubtless, from being struck with the same instrument. A shovel was found on the premises, by which, it is supposed, the wounds were given.

### THE INQUEST.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, Jan. 30.

We learn that the mother of the dead child acknowledges she killed it, and that her determination was to have killed all the children, and then destroy herself, rather than return to slavery. She and and the others complain of cruel treatment on the part of their master, and allege that as the cause of their attempted escape.

The Coroner's Jury, after examining the citizens present at the time of the arrest, went to the jail last evening, and examined the grandmother of the child—one of the slaves. She testified that the mother, when she saw they would be captured, caught a butcher knife and ran to the children, saying she would kill them rather than to have them return to slavery, and cut the throat of the child, calling on the grandmother to help her kill them. The grandmother said she would not do it, and hid under a bed.

The Jury gave a verdict as follows: That said child was killed by its mother, Margaret Garner, with a butcher knife, with which she cut its throat.

Two of the Jurors also find that the two men arrested as fugitives were accessories to the murder.

It is expected that the examination of the fugitives will commence this morning, before Commissioner Pendery.

☞ At the date of our latest advices, United States Commissioner Pendery had not finished his examination of the claim set up to the fugitives. The counsel of the latter were doing all in their power to baffle the slave-hunters, and it was expected that the State authorities would not allow the negroes to be taken out of their jurisdiction until after a trial for the murder of the child.—EDS. STANDARD.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1856.


### THE MARTYR AGE.

The Martyrs of the Old World had their Fox. The Confessors of the New have their Pierce. At last, the Martyrology of the Model Republic has been taken hold of by an eminent hand, well qualified by natural idiosyncracies and by peculiar opportunities, for setting it forth aright. Miss Martineau was not mistaken in calling this the Martyr Age of America. But she made a thundering mistake when she promoted the Abolitionists to the honours of the fiery crown. On the contrary, they are the inquisitors, the Dominics, the Torquemadas, who condemn the suffering Saints of the South to wear the San Benito all their lives and have lighted the fires of an Auto da Fe that are never quenched over the wide savannahs and fertile plains of the Sunny South. No, no, Madam, the President of the United States has taken off the sugar-loaf cap painted with flames and devils which you had crowned your especial pets withal, and has put it on the heads of his, where it properly belongs.

But, seriously, the President is nearer right than he probably knows himself to be. The Moabites have prevailed on our Balaam, by the rewards of divination they have always in their hand, by great havings and greater hopes, to prophesy for them and to curse this people, which bows not down to their idol, for that they are too mighty for them. But, though he had never an ass to remonstrate with him, and thought he was uttering the very formula his employers had put into his mouth, yet was his tongue held and his mind darkened that he should bless and curse not. His prophecy was a great two-handed sword, no doubt; but it was double-edged as well and did more damage to the friends before whom he stood forth as a champion than to the enemies who stood before him, at whom he aimed it. He had not the wisdom of the Hebrew shepherd of old, who refused to put on the armour and to use the sword of the sovereign that employed him. He readily grasped at the panoply which had been used so often for the discomfiture of the Giant Anti-Slavery, and in his eagerness to make play with it, he damaged his own side more than his opposites. He showed his good will and that was all. If zeal, even if without discretion, be worthy of reward, he will not fail of his reward. But from what we know of the inbred treachery of his masters and the disposition they have to fling away the tools that have lost their edge and shine in their service, as well as from the growls of disapprobation which his bunglement has already called forth in their ranks, it is very likely that he will get nothing but his labour for his pains. But that is his affair and not ours, and if he can bear the disappointment that is in store for him, next Summer, we are sure that we can.

It does not look, at the first glance, as if the Sorrows of the Slaveholders were of such a type that they called for the elegiac strains of the President of the United States. We had always supposed that they had always had things pretty much their own way. But we now stand corrected. The Southern people, it seems, confine their attention to their own affairs, "and there is no ground for the allegation that they have persistently asserted claims and obtained advantages to the prejudice of the North." Louisiana and Florida were not bought for the benefit of the Slaveholders. Not at all. The North has had its full share of the advantages of the bargain. So as to Texas, and the lands robbed from Mexico. It was by no means any particular help to the Slave Power that it was enabled thus to keep up its equality of numbers in the Senate, with the fair probability of having a majority there, and thereby an absolute veto on all public measures. The President makes no mention of such bagatelles as the imprisoning and selling into slavery of Northern citizens because of the way in which it has pleased God to make them, by nearly all the Atlantic slave States, or of their making it a felony to bring an action in the United States Courts to test the Constitutionality of these laws. These are unconsidered trifles of no weight in such a discussion. *De minimis non curat lex*—which may be interpreted, the law does not stand at trifles—and what can be more insignificant than negroes—unless it be Abolitionists? In fact, they are not to be regarded as citizens, but as wild Indians—though not of the class described in the Constitution as "not taxed"—or wild beasts, who are fair game and proper to be hunted down or destroyed in corners, like vermin. Nor is the interference of the Slaveholders in Kansas to be in the least discommended. It is perfectly Constitutional, inasmuch as it is but carrying out the clear purposes of the Constitution.

It may well seem to any spectator of our affairs, not a Native American and so to the manor born, that General Pierce is a very fit head to fit body. That as we are the most shamelessly impudent nation on the face of the earth, so he must have been raised to his present high estate by virtue of his transcendent and surpassing impudence. Perhaps, in his own secret soul, he chuckles over the same idea. But, as we have intimated before, he has spoken more truth than he knew of. When he says, for example, that it was "the vital force of the Constitution that triumphed over the sectional prejudice and political errors" that led weak-minded individuals to oppose the Annexation of Texas, we can well imagine that he wrote it with one eye knowingly closed and with his tongue in his cheek and his finger on his nose. And yet he spoke the truth. For Slavery is "the vital force" of the Constitution, and it was by its operation that all our history has been brought to pass. Our fathers did not foresee, perhaps, what was the necessary consequence of the stronghold and sanctuary they gave to Slavery in the institutions they founded in 1788; but the consequence was none the less logically, morally and politically inevitable than now. The tree may not be discerned in the seed vessel which the lightest wind wafts to its planting, yet there it is wrapped up, root, trunk, branches, the fruit for the life or for the death of man, and the leaves with healing or with poison for the nations. Slavery cannot exist, and the Constitution must to this extent become void, except by continual growth of power and extension of domain. The efforts which it put forth for the acquisition of Texas and of the spoils of Mexico, and for the reannexation of the Territory wrested from her by the Ordinance of 1787 and the Compromise of 1820, are all natural and necessary, and, so to speak, healthy ones. That is, if the Constitution be the perfection of political health, all these efforts were but struggles to bring it into its normal state and to eliminate the fatal inoculation of free ideas. President Pierce is entirely right, though we do not believe he knows it himself, when he says that it was the Constitution and the Union that triumphed in all these victories of Slavery. For Slavery *is* the Constitution and the Union.

Another proof that the President "builded better than he knew" is to be found in his thinking it necessary to read this homily to the Anti-Slavery men of the Free States, for "putting in peril the very existence of the Constitution and all its countless benefits," by their "hopeless undertaking to reform the domestic institutions of other States, wholly beyond their control and authority, in the vain pursuit of ends that are unattainable." Surely, it looks as if the beginning of his sentence might have the small-pox and the end be in no danger whatever of taking it. If the undertaking of the Abolitionists be *hopeless*, their pursuit *vain* and their ends *unattainable*, how is it that they are all the time putting in peril the very existence of the Constitution and all its countless benefits? It looks like a waste of rhetoric to expend it on such addlepates. And is it possible, that the Slaveholders can be stirred up to such rage and be moved to such dreadful acts of retaliation as those which Virginia and Alabama threaten and by which they have struck terror into the souls of New York, Ohio and Massachusetts, merely by *vain, hopeless, unattainable*, extravagances of a quantity of barren philanthropists at the North? Men wise in their generation, which the Slaveholders are above all other men, do not talk in this disjointed way. At any rate, they do not think thus baldly. Mr. Pierce's intentions in this matter were better than his execution of them. It was a very difficult task he had undertaken. Better lawyers than he have broken down with such clients and such a brief.

Whether he knew it or not, his slaveholding masters know, that what the Abolitionists have undertaken is neither hopeless, vain, nor unattainable. If they thought so, they would not have been at the pains they have to counteract and countermine them. We should have had no Texas, no Mexican War, no Compromise Bill, no Repeal of the Missouri Act. The slaveholders are not men that labour in vain and spend their strength for nought. They know what they are at. And they know, too, by what an airy tenure they hold their slaves. They know that silence and darkness are the essential elements of their life. That light and voices will break the infernal spell of their sorcery. The Legislature of Georgia had offered a reward of Five Thousand Dollars for the head of Mr. Garrison (a little particular Mr. Pierce had forgotten, in stating the account between the North and South), before Mr. Otis, the Mayor of Boston, had ever heard of the *Liberator*. And it was prudently done. They could not have invested the money better. All the outrages of which we at the North justly complain are but necessary acts of self-defence. The intelligent slaveholders, than whom there are no more intelligent men on earth, know that Slavery cannot bear to be questioned. As soon as its rightful existence is denied its death-warrant is sealed. It is merely a question as to the day of execution. The Governor of Georgia read in the *Liberator* the Handwriting on the Wall, and his prophetic soul told him that the Medes and Persians were upon him. If the slaveholders cannot put down the Abolitionists, nay, the whole human race—their fate is sealed, and they know it. And hence all these acts of villany and words of rage, of which they make their man in the White House their organ. But it is in vain. Though the American People think it worth their while to stand between the tyrants and their doom, it must reach them, for, in spite of Statesmen and Divines, God and Justice is mightier even than the Constitution of the United States.

### EXAMPLE NULLIFYING PRECEPT.

[Second Article.*]

We again suggest to our readers the inquiry respecting those clergymen who agree to Wesley's statement that "slavery is the sum of all villanies"—such men, for instance, as Henry Ward Beecher, Richard S. Storrs, Jr., and the editors of *The Independent*—how they can, and why they do, acknowledge those men as Christian brethren and ministers *of the Gospel* who practise or defend it?

It was well stated in Uncle Tom's Cabin that there are two sorts of parsons (very different in some respects, but alike in referring to Scripture as the ultimate and paramount rule of duty): one of these, to prove that slavery is right, quotes the text "Cussed be Canaan"; the other, to prove it wrong, quotes "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Mrs. Stowe, we say, noticed the obvious fact that these two classes exist, and, since she wrote, Rev. Dr. Lord, Rev. Dr. Adams, Rev. Dr. Bagden, Rev. Dr. Rice, and a great cloud of Reverends who are not yet Doctors, have stood forth as conspicuous specimens of the former class. Now, we propose to go a step further, and inquire, How is it that such a quotation as theirs comes to have any weight for such a purpose? How comes it that, if any men are found seriously to *offer* such stuff as argument, other men should be found who consent seriously to *receive* it as such? How comes it that, if slavery can be shown to be "patriarchal," it should *therefore* be admitted as *right*? And how comes it that the men who deliberately set themselves to prop the tottering walls of the greatest wickedness of modern times—and to do this by representing it as approved of God—and to persuade men that the fact of God's approval is established by *such* evidence—thus simultaneously impairing the spiritual, and moral, and mental characters of those who receive their testimony—how such persons can retain the reputation of Christians and ministers *of the Gospel*, and be recognised as such by those who take the very opposite view of the enormity in question?

Slavery, for two centuries past, has closely entwined itself with all our social, civil and ecclesiastical relations. So had Catholicism, for a much longer period, with all these relations of the nation and the time in which Luther lived. Should he, therefore, have let it alone? Nay, verily! Neither should we evade the obvious duty of untwisting these deadly coils, that have well-nigh pressed the life out of the Church and the Nation, and which have sullied the fair fame, and obstructed the onward march, alike of Republicanism and Christianity. But before these Upas roots can be disentangled, we must patiently examine whence they came, and in what course they run.

The Rev. Dr. Blagden, a Southern man with Southern principles, defending slavery from the Bible, and pertinaciously offering it shelter in the Church, is thoroughly approved and supported in this position by the Old South Church in Boston, of which he is pastor. The morning prayer-meeting, to which we made allusion in a former article, is held in the vestry of his church, and is found by himself and his deacons to be an efficient aid in the diffusion of the pro-slavery religion there preached and practised. Their refusal to aid the unfortunate Sims, even by their prayers, is only one among many proofs of their perfect agreement in spirit and action with Park Street Church, which employed a constable on Sunday to keep a respectable coloured man out of the pew which he had bought and paid for in their house, and with Baron Stow's Baptist Church, the very pew-deeds of which prohibit their ownership by coloured people. They follow to the letter the counsel given by Professor Stuart to his theological students twenty years ago, not to pray against slavery in public, but their communion table is always open to slaveholding church members, and their pulpit to slaveholding ("Evangelical") ministers.

In this prayer-meeting, founded and administered by such persons, and conducted in such a spirit and manner as has been described, one of the main pillars, for the last few years, has been the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. He is one of the most constant attendants, and his emphatic testimony to the spiritual advantage gained by the members of the meeting simultaneously going without their dinners was thought of sufficient consequence to be inserted in the annual report, by the brother who prepared that document. Is it strange that Dr. Beecher should acknowledge George W. Blagden as a Christian minister, and lend a daily, active support to the upbuilding of his pro-slavery religion? Perhaps not. He has now reached an age at which men rarely change their associations and connections. If, twenty-five years ago (before Anti-Slavery became complicated with the calumnious accusations that are now poured upon its advocates), when Mr. Garrison, then believing in the honesty and purity of the clergy, was appealing to them to aid in exposing the abominations of slavery, and in rousing, at least, *the Church* to free herself from the disgrace of sustaining it, and when, seeing that the great champion of orthodoxy did not spontaneously recognise the claims of two millions of slaves upon the Church under whose shadow they were oppressed, Mr. Garrison made it a special business to seek him, spread before him the facts, and urge him to do *something* in opposition to slavery, he declined, on the ground that he was occupied with other things of more consequence—and if, in the quarter of a century which has since elapsed, he has advanced no further than the discovery that slavery is undesirable for Kansas and Nebraska—perhaps it is not strange that a continuance of amicable relations with the slaveholders should seem to him more important than anything that he could accomplish in behalf of the slaves.

But what is to be said of Henry Ward Beecher? Young, bold, energetic and independent, having shown on many occasions a consciousness of the atrocity of slavery, of the extent to which the Church is compromised in its wickedness, of the guilt of those ministers who support it, and of the need of immediate and efficient opposition to it—having also a large congregation devotedly attached to him, and so accustomed to innovation upon the old fashions of ministerial speech and action that they would exult and applaud whenever their pastor violated the traditions of the elders in favour of truth and right, instead of taking themselves and their money off to some other parish—under these circumstances, we ask, why should Henry Ward Beecher greet George W. Blagden as a "brother in Christ"? Why should he authenticate that corrupter of Christianity as a minister *of the Gospel*, by joining him in the public transaction of business that necessarily implies that standing in those who perform it?

Is this a *necessary* degradation of truth and its representatives to the level of error and *its* representatives? Of course a perfect God will, in some stage of existence, exalt right to manifest victory over wrong; but, in *this* world, has the minister who preaches and practises the Golden Rule actually no advantage over another "Evangelical" who preaches and practises "Cussed be Canaan," except that of being able to quote an opposite text from the same infallible rule? "Cursed be Canaan" is *there*, in the Old Testament, as surely as the Golden Rule is in the New. Is the internal and external evidence of God's authorship as strong for the former of these passages as for the latter? And if a clergyman be found impudent and profligate enough to claim that imprecation as inspired, and act in accordance with its spirit, and instruct others to do the same, is the anti-slavery minister actually obliged to acknowledge him as a "brother in Christ"?

Dr. Lord, in his "Second Letter to Ministers of the Gospel on Slavery," triumphs over his reviewer in the *New Englander*, as follows: "The reviewer does not take the common ground of objectors, that the curse of Noah was a mere drunken and vindictive imprecation. He is *too reverent* for that. He admits that it was, in some sense, prophetic." Will the reviewer have the goodness to tell us how he comes to be bound to put himself in Dr. Lord's power, and to abandon reason and justice, by such an admission as this? If, in this year 1856, a man who has just been drunk, and is now in a passion, should imprecate the vengeance of God upon the reviewer's eyes or soul, he would feel not the slightest apprehension that the Heavenly Father had inspired that curse, or would devote his power to its fulfilment. How is he bound to make the admission any more in the case of Noah? Let us have light upon this matter.

If one of the coadjutors in that installation at Brooklyn, a man of unspotted life and character, still firmly believing in the existence, supremacy and providence of a God of infinite excellence, and in his own dependence on and responsibility to him, had there acknowledged that he no longer believed that God to exist *in three persons*, every one knows that such an admission would absolutely, and at once, have annulled the ecclesiastical "brotherhood," and that Messrs. Beecher and Storrs would have postponed the work until thoroughly "Evangelical" coadjutors could be obtained. But is slavery evangelical? And will not an intelligent, deliberate, systematic defence of all the fraud, violence, robbery, adultery and oppression which are necessarily involved in slavery impair a man's title to recognition as a Christian minister, as much as the speculative idea respecting God's mode of existence referred to above?

Can it be—*can* it be that Henry Ward Beecher, Richard S. Storrs, Jr., and the editors of *The Independent* are themselves deluded in this matter, and have given themselves, bound by their own act, into the hands of Adams, Blagden, Winslow & Co.? Can it be that they believe in, and worship, and spend their lives in persuading other men to accept and worship, the monstrous deformity which Dr. Lord has described as the god of *his* idolatry? Do they really think that Christianity stands neutral between slavery and anti-slavery, so that either of these can be grafted upon it at pleasure, each accord with its spirit and tendency, and neither impair the title of him who practically adopts it to recognition *as a Christian*? Can they suppose, and administer their respective pastorates upon the supposition, that a man's title to be considered a Christian can be better decided by his testimony upon certain points of theological speculation (which may be affirmed in connection with the worst life, and denied in connection with the best, and which are so far from being that "fruit" to which Christ refers us as the most obvious and least ambiguous evidence of character that they cannot possibly be known without formal question and answer) than by his *life*, known and read of all who associate with him? Can they really think that the performances of Dr. Blagden's morning prayer-meeting—namely, the cultivation of a devoutness in talk, and tone, and manner, which, so far from stimulating, expressly discourages and opposes the performance of such practical duties as help to the oppressed—the very presence of an unusual amount of (what they call) pious feeling in the meeting being the alleged reason for not lending aid in their own department of action, namely, prayer, to help a man out of slavery—entitle the managers of it to be considered Christians?

We know, by oft-repeated and overwhelming evidence, that the popular religion does not ordinarily stimulate its preachers and professors to oppose slavery: we also know that very great numbers of them, North and South, including the highest specimens of (what they call) piety—such as Dr. Nehemiah Adams, author of "The Communion Sabbath," "The Baptized Child," and "The Friends of Christ in the New Testament"—actively support and defend slavery, quoting the Bible in its favour; and we see that the smaller number of them who actively oppose slavery, yet concede to the pro-slavery preachers and professors above mentioned the title and privileges of *Christians*. We beg the intelligent gentlemen named at the commencement of this article to tell us if they are satisfied with this state of things, and if they consent to its continuance.

* See issue for Jan. 26th.

"UNFORTUNATE COMMENDATION."—*The Independent*, in noticing a recently published pamphlet, "Slavery and its Remedy," by Samuel Nott, opens as follows: "It was unfortunate for this bulky but not heavy pamphlet that it was thoroughly commended at its first appearance by the very unprincipled or *ill*-principled writer who does the Boston correspondence for the *Journal of Commerce*." The writer thus characterized is understood to be no less a personage than the Rev. Hubbard Winslow. "Unprincipled or *ill*-principled" as he unquestionably is, he was deemed fit, on a recent occasion, to preside over an Ecclesiastical Council, of which two of the editors and one prominent writer of *The Independent* were members, viz: Rev. J. P. Thompson, Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., and Rev. H. W. Beecher. If, instead of being so "unprincipled or *ill*-principled" as to defend slavery from the Bible and support the Fugitive Slave law, he had been as eminent for piety and philanthropy as Fenelon or Howard, and yet had dared to call in question one prominent item of the "evangelical" creed, neither of the three clergymen above named would have consented to act in a Council of which he was even a member, much less the moderator. If, under a momentary impulse of catholicity, they had ventured to do so, the religious press and the public opinion of the Church would have arraigned them as offenders and held them responsible as the endorsers of "damnable heresy." As Mr. Winslow, however, is zealous for the orthodox theology, the fact that he is at the same time an apologist for slavery and kidnapping, and leagued with the Satanic Press of the country to promote the designs of the Slave Power, is not deemed of sufficient importance, even by Messrs. Thompson, Storrs and Beecher, to effect his ecclesiastical standing.

Is it not surprising that the two Brooklyn pastors above named, who have an honest and intelligent hatred of slavery and have struck it many a sturdy blow, and who cannot be supposed to be ignorant of the fact that one of the chief bulwarks of the system is that constructed and manned by the clerical doughfaces of the North, should thus stultify themselves and give occasion for the enemies of freedom to exult over their lack of Christian firmness and consistency? The Church of which Mr. Storrs is the Pastor has recently uttered a timely and most emphatic testimony against the criminal delinquency of the Tract Society by refusing any longer to contribute to its funds. We wish we could add that Mr. Beecher's Church had taken the same step. Perhaps we shall be able to do so hereafter. Cherishing no ordinary measure of respect for the Pastors and Churches above named, and giving them credit for an honest and earnest opposition to slavery, we hope it may not be deemed impertinent in us if we suggest that a firm refusal on their part to be mixed up in ecclesiastical proceedings with such defenders and apologists for the institution as Hubbard Winslow, G. W. Blagden and Joseph H. Towne, would not only do credit to their consistency as Christians, but be in itself a weightier testimony than any they have yet uttered in behalf of the suffering bondmen of the South. It would do much also to emancipate the Northern Church from her ignominious thraldom to the Slave Power, while it would elevate the standard of piety in the community and hasten the triumph of Christianity over every form of wickedness. We entreat them, by the love they bear to the cause of righteousness, purity and freedom, to consider the responsibilities resting upon them as men, as Christians and as religious teachers.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE (No. 8) for February is on our table. It contains the more valuable portions of the matter which appeared during the previous month in *The Living Age*, and, costing but half as much as that invaluable work—viz: $3 per annum—is within the means of multitudes to whom that must remain inaccessible. As a source of useful information, as a stimulus to intellectual culture, and as a means of forming a correct literary taste,

We visited one of the largest tobacco manufactories in Richmond. The owner employs about one hundred hands, all slaves, and all but a very few members of the Baptist Church. A better company of working people one does not see either at home or abroad. We had been but a few minutes in the principal room, before a fine tenor voice commenced the hymn, "When I can read my title clear" —immediately he was joined by others, and the room resounded with the glad sound, the tobacco leaves flying as if impelled by music's power. Several other hymns were sung. "Jerusalem my glorious home" (Carmina Sacra), is a favourite. They sing in four parts, and with the most perfect time and tune imaginable. Sacred songs only are sung by these people. White people black their faces, and sing low degrading *nigger* songs, but the negroes (here certainly) sing none but the songs of Zion.—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

It is by such pious twattle as this that papers like the *Observer* seek to divert attention from the wickedness of slavery. The very virtues of the slaves are used to strengthen the chains that hold them in bondage! For this company of nearly one hundred Christians, owned as articles of merchandise, compelled to work without wages, liable at any moment to be cruelly flogged, or separated from their wives and children and sold on the auction block, and deprived of all opportunity to educate themselves or their families, this writer has no word of sympathy. Their piety, instead of awakening indignation toward their oppressors, is made to excuse the villany of robbing them of the fruits of their toil. If one of their number, weary of enforced and unpaid labour, or anxious to save himself from being sold on the auction-block, should come to New York, and his master should follow and seize him, the *Observer* would use its influence in behalf of the kidnapper. And this is American piety! Even the so-called religious anti-slavery journals, for the most part, regard the *Observer* as a *Christian* paper. If it were to become heretical in regard to the Trinity, or any other item of the "evangelical" creed, they would set their faces against it as a journal that had make shipwreck of the faith; but as it *only* stabs Christianity to the heart by trampling upon the fundamental principles of morality and practical righteousness, they think it would be uncharitable to deny it the Christian name!

The *New York Observer* has a Washington correspondent who labours to please his employers by sugaring over the villany of the President (talking about his prayerful, temperate and church-going habits!) and losing no opportunity to spit his venom at those members of Congress who are struggling against the designs of the Slave Power. In a recent letter he alludes to Mr. Giddings as "wriggling and wrangling here for twenty years," and, by implication ranks him among those who, for mere party ends, were opposing the efforts of "the friends of organization" (!) to elect a Speaker. If, instead of being a consistent Christian, an opponent of slavery and the representative of a highly intelligent, moral and religious constituency, Mr. Giddings were a prayerless, profane and insolent slaveholder and supporter of the Administration, he would not be honoured by the *Observer's* abuse, while he *might* be disgraced by its praise. Think of a *religious* newspaper selecting the venerable Joshua R. Giddings as its type of a demagogue, and holding up Franklin Pierce as a bright pattern of Presidential piety and religious devotion! Is not this the very spirit that preferred Barabbas to Jesus?

Here is another paragraph from the *Observer*, but whether it is from the editor or a correspondent, we are not sure. The writer alludes to Governor Gardner's recommendation for the repeal of the Massachusetts Personal Liberty law, and says:

"This is like light in a dark place; a sign of good things to come; an evidence that the spirit of devotion to the principles of the Federal Union, for which the old Bay State has always been distinguished, is yet alive, and will not be extinguished by the temporary triumph of fanaticism. Nullification in Massachusetts is as odious and treasonable as in South Carolina, and God forbid that it should find soil to grow upon, in the State that boasts of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill."

The *Observer* thinks that to catch and return fugitives slaves is a small price to pay for the Union! Is it not an honour to be called an infidel by such a paper?

The Lexington Outrage.—One paper in Kentucky, if no more, has had the courage to condemn, in manly and indignant terms, the lynching of the schoolmaster, Brady, at Lexington. The Newport *News*—a journal whose independence we have commended heretofore—after stating the facts of the case, says:

"We have no better evidence to offer against slavery than the above facts. No other institution on earth but this will thus oppose free speech, or outrage in the same manner those who are honest or courageous enough to speak the honest convictions of their minds, against what appears to them a great moral and social evil. If any institution cannot or will not bear a free discussion, in regard to its principles, let that institution be henceforth and forever accursed."

The same paper of a later date has the following:

"The Brady Outrage.—We were informed by an acquaintance, yesterday, who was living in Lexington at the time Mr. J. Brady was torn from his house, that the desperadoes who did it were Know-Nothings, and that the Democrats were opposed to the brutal action, and spoke strongly against it the next morning. The Democrats said: 'If the institution of slavery could not be sustained without outraging their citizens, gagging free men and muzzling the Press, why it might go—that they would vote for its abolition.' That's the true Democracy, gentlemen; the kind to which we extend the hand of fellowship and brotherly affection. Mr. Brady published his abhorrence of the sale of human beings like a man and a Christian. The same Press was open to any opposing sentiments from the other side, but they had none to give. 'Tar and feathers' was their argument, and midnight their time to use them. Shame on their cowardly anti-Democratic action. To oppose an increase of the School fund and shoot and mob schoolmasters is characteristic of the institution of slavery in Kentucky."

The entire letter of Mr. Brady, which gave such offence to the Lexington slave-traders and their apologists, will be found on the first page. Read it, and see what it costs to be a Christian in Kentucky.

"Pious Frauds."—Protestants often accuse the Catholic Church of teaching, practically, if not in so many words, that a lie told in the interest of the Church or for the glory of God, is no offence against the laws of morality, but a meritorious act. Those who have read the controversy between *The Independent* and other religious papers on the one side, and the apologists and defenders of the American Tract Society on the other, must be very dull not to perceive that the same principle is a part of the established faith and policy of at least a portion of the managers of that institution. The artifices, subterfuges, quibbles and evasions—meaner and baser than downright lying—which have characterized the attempts thus far made to defend the course of the Tract Society in relation to slavery, are scarcely less despicable and atrocious than the priestly frauds which woke the indignation of Luther. For example: a Director of the Society quoted from an *advertisement* in *The Independent* as from the editorial columns of that journal, holding the editors responsible for what had been inserted without their agency or knowledge; and when the fraud was exposed, instead of apologizing therefor, the writer deliberately repeated the offence in a pamphlet, to which the officers of the Society are giving the widest circulation. Other instances might be mentioned, but it is enough to say that the above is characteristic.

The power of slavery to corrupt the morals of both masters and slaves is well known. The power of the pro-slavery spirit, so prevalent at the North, to undermine the character and blunt the moral sense of those who cherish it, has found many illustrations in the last twenty years, but none more striking than those afforded by this controversy with the Tract Society. People will learn ere long that those who are false to freedom are equally so to Christianity itself, and that an apologist for the "sum of *all* villanies," however high his professions, will not hesitate, under strong temptations, to support his cause by deception and lying.

Pilgrim Church and the Tract Society.—We stated last week that the Pilgrim Church, in Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Storrs Pastor, had voted not to take up a contribution this year for the treasury of the American Tract Society. An attempt has been made in certain quarters to break the force of this testimony by the allegation that the meeting at which the vote was passed was a *small* one, though it is not pretended that it was any less numerous than such meetings generally are. It is well known that the majority of members of Congregational Churches rarely avail themselves of their right to be present and vote at business meetings. We have no doubt that the Tract Society has in former years been made the beneficiary of the Pilgrim Church by votes as small as that by which it now stands rebuked. The *Times* says the vote was 14 against to 9 in favour of the Society, and that 12 members present did not vote either way. It is said that the hunker portion of the Church will make a larger contribution to the Society this year than usual on account of this action of the Church as a body.

—We observe that the Rev. Mr. Langworthy's Church in Chelsea, near Boston, has also voted to discontinue its benefactions to the Tract Society. We hope the example set by these two Churches will be widely followed.

Gov. Seward's Speech on the Central American question has taken the wind completely out of the sails of the Administration and deprived Gen. Cass of almost all his stock in trade as a politician. Mr. Seward not only maintains the interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty insisted upon by the American Secretary of State, but, leaving Gen. Cass entirely in the rear and paltering with the main issue, he boldly proposes to give Great Britain one year's notice to quit her hold in Central America, and in case of her refusal to do so, to fight. He hints, with a significance which the slaveholders will be quick to comprehend, that the war would result in an extension of the area of freedom on the North. Of what avail after this will be the mimic thunder wherewith Gen. Cass has so long been in the habit of stirring up the noisy patriotism of the Democratic groundlings and frightening the political old grannies of all parties? Whatever may be thought of the principles or the policy of Seward's speech, it will certainly have the good effect of putting an end to the empty bluster by which Gen. Cass has hitherto contrived to make the unthinking multitudes believe that *he* was the mailed Goliath that kept the British Lion at bay.

Gov. Foote, of Vermont, another Republican Senator, has endorsed the views of Gov. Seward in a strong speech, in which he says: "Let England understand that we are in earnest about this, and that it is not a second edition of 'fifty-four forty or fight,' and then backing down to forty-nine. If, after so much forbearance, war comes, let it come—we shall be justified both by God and man." Gen. Wilson has the floor for a speech, in which he is expected to take the same ground.

Slavery in Pennsylvania.—On our first page will be found the Majority and Minority Reports of the Judiciary Committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature upon the right of slaveholders to carry their slaves over the territory of that State. The majority of the Committee, anxious to conciliate Southern support for their leader, Buchanan, assert the doctrine so strongly hinted at by Judge Kane in the Wheeler case, viz: that slaveholders have a right, under the United States Constitution, to carry their slaves with them through the State. They affect to regard this right as so clear already that no legislation on the subject is necessary. In this case they prefer to let "I dare not" wait upon "I would," and to meet the demands of the South by an expression of opinion having no legal force whatever. The minority of the Committee, by an array of authority before which the *ipse dixit* of their colleagues becomes utterly contemptible, show conclusively that the right thus assumed has no legal foundation whatever, but is contrary alike to the Common Law, the Constitution, and the decision of the judicial tribunals.

—We see that, on the 24th ult., in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, a resolution directing the Judicial Committee to inquire if further legislation was not necessary to protect the personal liberties of citizens from the arbitrary proceedings of Judges of the United States, exercising jurisdiction in the State, was rejected 64 to 31.

Pecksniffian Advocates of Peace.—We criticised last week certain expressions which recently fell from the lips of Henry Ward Beecher, in relation to the forcible resistance of the Free State party in Kansas to the designs of the Atchison ruffians. Believing such resistance, under any circumstances, contrary to the spirit of Christianity, we could not withhold an expression of our regret that it should find an advocate in a man whom we so highly esteem. We notice that the *New York Observer* and the *Christian Intelligencer*—two unscrupulous pro-slavery sheets—glad of an opportunity to assail Mr. Beecher, affect to be piously shocked by his language. This is simply disgusting. Both those papers agree exactly with Mr. Beecher as to the rightfulness of war, and differ from him only in the fact that their sympathies go rather with Atchison and his gang than with the Free State party. Mr. Beecher would fight for liberty; they, not daring openly to countenance Stringfellow and his minions, affect a pious neutrality and pretend to be shocked by language implying the rightfulness of war! If anything *could* make us ashamed of our peace principles, it would be to see them thus used as a cloak for the hypocrisy and malevolence of journals like the *Observer* and *Intelligencer*, which lose no opportunity to give a champion of freedom a stab. Mr. Beecher will not, we trust, confound our earnest and heartfelt protest against his war views—a protest founded upon long conviction and consistent practice—with the Pecksniffian reproaches of those journals.

Boston without a Revival.—The Boston correspondent of the *New York Evangelist*, in a tone of pious sentimentalism, says: "I hoped ere this to write to you of a revived religious interest in our churches. But this I am not permitted to do. There is at present, so far as I can learn, no appearance of a reviving among us. We wait, and I trust our eyes are toward the Lord, but the hour of refreshing has not come." Is it not surprising that, with all the aid afforded by the labours and prayers of those eminent saints, Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D., Rev. G. W. Blagden, D.D., Rev. Hubbard Winslow—all most devout believers in the divinity of slavery—the Boston churches are not revived? They should send for the Rev. Dr. Lord to come and help them in their distress. They might, perchance, propitiate the Deity they worship by searching out another Thomas Sims or Anthony Burns and delivering him over to a Southern man-stealer by the aid of the National Government. If a revival did not follow such a sacrifice as that upon the "evangelical" altar, it would be safe to conclude, we should think, that their God is asleep or gone upon a journey!

The Slave Case in Antigua.—The reader is referred to the first page for an article, from the Antigua (W. I.) *Observer*, giving an authentic account of the circumstances attending the release of the Kentucky fugitive slave, Ross, who went to that port in the American brig Loango, in November last, and also of the subsequent visit to the island of the American vessel-of-war Cyane, Capt. Fairfax, for the purpose of calling the British authorities to account for daring to interfere in behalf of the said fugitive. Capt. Fairfax went about his business with an insolence in perfect keeping with the object in view, but he found that his threats and bullying were utterly in vain. He came off with a pretty large flea in his ear. The Governor of Antigua was made of sterner stuff than enters into the composition of those Northern doughfaces over whom the slaveholders have only to crack the lash in order to bring them to terms. It is a hard job for the American Eagle to pluck a fugitive slave from the paw of the British Lion.

The *Sunday Courier* is growing fanatical. The editor has probably taken a peep into the dépôt of the Underground Railroad. We clip the following from the issue of Sunday last.

The Slave Mother.—Last week a slave mother in Cincinnati, who had escaped from Kentucky with her four children, cut their throats to prevent them from being taken back into slavery. The act of Virginius in doing the same thing to his daughter, to prevent her falling into the hands of the man who claimed her as his slave, has been held up to the admiration of the world by poets and artists during two thousand years, and perhaps, the heroism of the poor slave woman in Cincinnati will be remembered in a similar manner two thousand years hence.

Apropos of slave mothers, we saw last week a dark complexioned lady with two very bright looking yellow girls—her daughters—of the ages of seventeen and nineteen, who had just made their escape from a slave pen in Maryland, and were on their road to Canada, where, we presume, they are now safe and at liberty. The three would readily have sold for a thousand dollars a piece in Richmond or New Orleans. The fact of their making their escape at this season of the year is pretty good evidence of their smartness.

The Satanic Press (Bennett's *Herald*) of Sunday last copied in full from The Standard the official report of the proceedings of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society at its recent anniversary. The *Herald* wishes the slaveholders and the doughfaces to see what traitors and enemies to the Union the Garrison Abolitionists are, and to convince them that the Republicans are no whit better, but rather worse. Whatever may be its motives, we are glad to have it proclaim the true Gospel of Anti-Slavery in the ears of the slaveholders and their Northern tools. We want them all to know exactly what we are driving at, and to learn the difference between our sort of anti-slavery and the weak dilutions offered by the Republicans.

The Election of Banks as Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives is an event of great political importance, and marks, we hope, the beginning of a new era in the politics of the country. For once the slaveholders have been defeated. After a struggle of nine weeks, during which they have plied all those arts by which on former occasions they were always sure of attaining their ends, they have found the Northern Backbone too stiff for them. We trust it will never grow weaker, but in the conflicts to come acquire a rigorous stiffness which not even the final issue of Disunion will be able to overcome.

## Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, February 4th.

Gentlemen: There is a North. This is proved by the election of Banks and the state of the thermometer. The coincidence between our political and meteorological changes is quite striking. They were not cause and effect, surely.

The election of Banks is a great triumph of the anti-slavery sentiment. It inspires the hope that the Government may be rescued from the hands of the slaveholders, and its powers used for the abolition of slavery.

Mr. Seward's war speech, I think, will ensure peace. If a railroad to the Pacific and the annexation of Canada are to be among the first consequences of a war with Great Britain, our masters of the South will see that our amicable relations with that Goverment are not disturbed. It is said that Foote, of Vermont, and Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, are to follow Mr. Seward, this week, in speeches of the same tenor. This will be clinching the nail. No fears of the South permitting a war with Great Britain under such auspices.

I infer from the election of Banks that Gov. Reeder will be admitted to the seat in Congress to which he was elected. On that question I believe Barclay, Pearce and Hickman of this State will vote with the Republicans.

Cadwallader, the representative for our Vth District, approached Mr. Hickman twice with a view of influencing his vote, first for Orr and next for Aiken. The second time he came he was sent away with a flea in his ear. Hickman is no doughface, and Cadwallader mistook his man when he thought to lead him by the nose. Mr. Hickman voted for Wells on the last ballot, and thus aided, as he doubtless designed to do, the election of Banks.

Wendell Phillips delivered the fourth lecture of the Anti-Slavery Course, on Saturday evening. It was an admirable address; eloquent in thought, beautiful in diction, and every way excellent. It produced a deep and salutary impression.

Mr. Dallas has accepted the appointment of Ambassador to England, and his house in this city is advertised to let, "furnished or unfurnished." Mr. Dallas is a man of a fine head—*of hair*. He is proof that a "hoary head" may be "a crown of glory" even when *not* "found in the way of righteousness."

The House of Representatives at Harrisburg refused, on Tuesday last, to consider certain resolutions which had been previously introduced, instructing our Senators and members of Congress to vote for the repeal of the Kansas and Nebraska Act and the substitution of the Act to establish the Territory of Oregon. The vote stood 57 to 33. This was a matter of course. The vote was a party one, the majority being Democrats.

There is no need of repealing the Kansas-Nebraska Act, if the people of the North will do their duty. Let them send colonists, capable of defending themselves, to Kansas, and the Douglas perfidy will prove to be one of the best things that has happened to our cause for many a year.

It is announced that a new invasion of Kansas is projected by the slaveholders for the coming Spring. Atchison is summoning the people of the South generally, to come to his aid, and the prospect is that a sufficient number will respond to his appeal to make a very formidable army of invasion. How are they to be met? By moral suasion? Ward Beecher seems to think that moral suasion would be of about as much avail with a herd of buffaloes as with these Bashan bulls of Missouri. Mr. Beecher has more faith in Sharp's rifles in such an emergency; and I must confess to a coincidence with him in opinion.

The threatened border war between Pennsylvania and Virginia, on the Parsons question, has been arrested by the acquittal of Parsons, by the Court at Hollidaysbury, of the charges preferred against him. Of the merits of the case we, in this quarter, have not yet been informed, and, therefore, can't say whether the verdict of the jury has been a matter of justice or a piece of doughfaceism. I am afraid that the innocent people of Blair County have been frightened into their decision by Virginia bluster. We shall see.

Your correspondent "M." speaks of the increasing number of emigrants from the South to Canada. This may serve, to some extent, as a set off against the diminished emigration from Europe to those provinces. I see by a comparative statement made by the Agent of the Emigration Department at Quebec, that the number of emigrants to the colony was in 1854, 53,183 while in 1855 it fell off to 21,274, being a decrease of more than one-half. We had an idea that it was Know-Nothingism that was stopping the tide of emigration to America, but it appears from the same falling off in the Canadian Colonies that this cannot be the cause. Perhaps a better reason for the fact may be found in the demand for able-bodied men for the Crimea, and the increased rate of wages at home. Know-Nothingism is a nasty weed, but I don't think it is solely or mainly responsible for this evil result. It is the war more than Nativism that is cutting us off from this increase of our wealth and power.

The Republicans are to hold a National Convention in Pittsburg, on the 22d of February, to agree upon measures for the consolidation of their party, and to prepare for the Presidential election. Whether it is in contemplation to name at that time a candidate for the Presidential office, or not, I cannot say. It will be an important political meeting.

Faustin the I., Emperor of Hayti, not satisfied with the drubbing he received from the Dominicans, is making preparations, I see, to return to the field. If it were not for my fear that the success of Santanna might somehow or other accrue in the end to the benefit of our American fillibusters I should be inclined to wish him another triumph. I believe that the old fool Souloque, or, as he calls himself, Emperor Faustin the I., has done more by his ridiculous tom-foleries to bring his race into discredit before the civilized world than any other man of any colour in the last quarter of a century. M. R. S.

Virginia and Pennsylvania.—The reader is referred to the Pro-Slavery Department for information as to certain proceedings in the Legislature of Virginia in relation to a slave-catching affair which occurred some time since in Blair County, Pa. It will be seen that the Senate (composed in larger proportion of the more wealthy and aristocratic of the slaveholders) took the matter much more coolly than the House of Delegates. The latter body, we understand, refused to accede to the Senate amendments—101 to 12—and even then tabled a motion to appoint a Committee of Conference. Meanwhile, Parsons, the Virginia kidnapper, has been tried by the Blair County (Pa.) Court and acquitted; on what grounds precisely, we are not informed. The Virginia chivalry have expended all their gas for nothing.

Personal Liberty Law of Massachusetts.—The Boston *Telegraph* of the 2d inst., says: "We learn that the Joint Special Committee on this subject held a meeting last evening, and voted, first, that it was not expedient to refer the Law to the Supreme Court; and, second, that it was not expedient to repeal it. The Law was then referred to a sub-committee with instructions to report what alterations, if any, were needed. The majorities on both questions which were taken, were very decided, comprising nearly, if not quite, a majority of all the Committee. The *Advertiser's* demand for immediate repeal, though backed up by the personal influence of its editor, who is a member of the committee, does not seem to have had the effect anticipated."

Diminution of Funds.—The friends of the American Board of Foreign Missions are mourning over "an alarming deficiency in its receipts." Believing it to be a morally corrupt body, and that its influence is hostile to freedom and a pure Christianity, we could wish that it might never be able to procure another dollar. It is the pet idol, however, of the pro-slavery American Church, and will continue to receive the contributions of those wealthy Pharisees who are constantly crucifying the Son of God afresh in the persons of the crushed and outraged bondmen of the South.

Kentucky Chivalry.—The Cincinnati correspondent of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, under date of Jan. 21, says: "About three months since the chivalrous Southerners of Lexington, Ky., drove from their town a poor coloured widow with her daughters, and threatened to burn her house over her head; all fled for their lives, to this city, leaving their little property a prey to robbers. Her only offence was harbouring a slave for one night; said slave escaped from the State, and is now in Canada."

Timely Rebuke.—We refer our readers, especially those of Philadelphia, to an extract of a Sermon by the Rev. Henry Bacon, of that city, in which a timely rebuke is administered to the Atheist who, in the garb of a Christian minister, occupies the pulpit of the Arch street Presbyterian Church, and whose impious Thanksgiving Discourse was brought to the notice of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, at its last anniversary, by Mr. Foss darkey to give a list of his accomplishments, and produce

Dr. J. S. Rock.—The lectures of this gentleman appear to have won him an enviable reputation in Massachusetts. As a specimen of the notices we find in the public journals, we copy the following from the Boston *Atlas*:

A Coloured Lecturer.—Among the many gentlemen of talent and culture in this city, who offer their services as Lyceum lecturers, by no means the least is Dr. J. S. Rock, who, in the Southern phrase, would be styled a "bright mulatto." Dr. Rock is a skilful practical dentist, and is deeply versed in the science of physiology. His lectures upon the Unity of the Human Race, and upon the races generally, have been delivered in this city before audiences consisting chiefly of scientific men, and received with the heartiest demonstrations of favour. He is an easy and graceful speaker, a close reasoner and original thinker, and never fails to please and instruct his hearers. He is an honour to his race.

Detroit against Slave-Catching.—O. M. Hyde, Republican, has been elected Mayor of Detroit by 200 majority over Buell, Cass Hunker. Mr. Buell was in Congress in 1850 and voted for the Fugitive Slave law. Detroit is the terminus of an important branch of the Underground Railroad.

Littell's Living Age, No. 611, contains no paper of a greater length than five pages, but is filled with a great variety of brief articles, selected from the most approved sources. New York: 343 Broadway.

Agent.—Alonzo J. Grover, of Earlville, Illinois, has been appointed a Lecturing Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and is commended to the confidence of the friends of freedom wherever he may go.

## Summary.

Several slaves were sold at Upper Marlboro', Md., last Saturday, at prices ranging from $500 to $1,160 each.

Asa Andrews, Esq., aged 94, said to be the oldest lawyer in the United States, died at Ipswich, Mass., on the 16th inst. He came to the bar *seventy* years ago.

A Proper Difference.—"It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to day; for it is Sunday." "I know it, mother," replied the little girl, "but it is Sunday School that I am playing."

The *Spiritual Universe* states that the believers at Euclid Centre, Ohio, have built a Spirit House eighteen feet square, and fitted it up with musical instruments and spirit apparatus, after the fashion of Koons' in Athens County.

In Turkey, whenever a storekeeper is convicted of telling a lie, his house is painted black, to remain for one month. If there were such a law in force in this country, what a gloomy appearance some cities would present.

Its Origin.—The famous expression, "The time that tried men's souls," occurs (says the *Boston Transcript*) in the opening number of a series of able political papers called "*The Crisis*," written by Thomas Paine, during the American Revolution. They bear date from December, 1776, to 1783.

A Compromise Repudiated.—A resolution asserting that the Missouri Compromise ought not to have been submitted to *even to save the Union* has passed the popular branch of the Alabama Legislature, by a vote of 62 to 26. The author of the resolution is the son of a United States Senator, who represented Alabama when the Compromise was passed in 1820 and who voted for it.

A meeting of sympathy with the Free State settlers of Kansas was recently excluded from the "Vine street Congregational Church of Cincinnati," of which "the Rev. Charles B. Boynton" is pastor.—*Free Presbyterian.*

[Mr. Boynton was formerly editor of the *Christian Press*—a paper which grossly abused and misrepresented the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends, and did all in its power to prevent them from getting a hearing in Cincinnati.]

The *Louisville Journal* makes the following acknowledgement: "Jefferson was a great man and an undoubted patriot, but a Southern editor would expose himself to the danger of mob violence if he were to use at this time such language as Mr. Jefferson used." Very truly adds the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and if Jefferson were living in Kansas, and presumed to express the sentiments on the slavery question that are found in his writings, the Border Ruffian *laws* of that Territory would consign him to the penitentiary.

A Bad Name.—The odium which attaches to an Abolitionist in Southern society is well illustrated in the following fact, from the spicy Washington correspondent of the *Morning Star*. He says: "We will give your readers a standard or specimen of odious epithets even among little boys in Washington. Two little boys, A and B, went into the Sabbath School for the first time together last Sunday morning. A was rather mischievous, and his teacher reproved him; whereupon B spoke to the teacher, saying, that is a bad boy, sir—he *curses*—he is a great *curser*. A looked mum and beaten for a moment, then his black eye began to twinkle, and he, pointing to B, said to his teacher, *that fellow* is an *Abolitionist*—he *is an Abolitionist*, sir!!"

Anti-Slavery College in Ohio.—About five years ago a school was established by the friends of freedom in Southern Ohio, for the purpose of inculcating correct principles on the subject of human rights and the reforms of the age. The Board of Trustees have obtained a charter for a university, and have procured 300 acres of land for the purpose of establishing an agricultural school, which they are endeavouring to raise to a place among the first institutions of the kind in the country. The object is to furnish to every one, without distinction of colour or sex, a thorough education at the least possible expense. The establishment will be named the "Albany Manual Labour University."—*Tribune.*

We recommend the subjoined anecdote to the particular study of slaveholding communicants. In what particular is their conduct different from that of the old negro woman? And do not our Northern churches, which fellowship slaveholders, take a view of Christianity very much like hers?

"A negro woman, soon after having experienced religion, stole a goose to make merry with her convert from a neighbouring plantation. Of course she was whipped, for the good of others as well as of herself. Soon after these circumstances, a communion was to take place in the neighbourhood, and Dinah prepared to go. Her mistress remonstrated with her, and mentioned the goose affair as a sufficient reason for her not to offer herself on such a holy occasion, to which she replied, 'Lor, Missus, I ain't gwine to turn my back on my bressed Massa, for *no old goose!*'"

Bullying a Witness.—One likes always to see a lawyer whose forte is to banter and bully witnesses, brought up with a round turn by some victim of his ill-natured bearing. We had an instance the other day which is worth relating. A case was being tried on Long Island about soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman not very conversant in such matters was a witness. He was a little confused in giving his evidence, and a blustering fellow of a lawyer, who examined him, at last exclaimed:

"Pray, sir, do yon know the difference between a horse and a cow?"

"I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the clergyman: "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully and a bull; only that a bull has horns, and a 'bully,' (bowing) luckily for me, has none!"

"You can retire, sir," said the lawyer, "I've no further questions to ask you."

Macaulay's Description of Penn, the Quaker Reformer.—Quakers by this time have become quite used to Mr. Macaulay's attacks upon them and their great founder. In the volume of his history just issued, the historian thus sketches Penn: At the time when his faculties were ripening, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, were striving for mastery, and were, in every corner of the realm, refuting and reviling each other. He wandered from congregation to congregation; he heard priests harangue against Puritans; he heard Puritans harangue against priests, and he in vain applied for spiritual direction and consolation to doctors of both parties. One jolly old clergyman of the Anglican Communion told him to smoke tobacco and sing psalms; another advised him to go and lose some blood. The young inquirer turned in disgust from these advisers to the Dissenters, and found them also blind guides.—*Tribune.*

"Popular Sovereignty" in Old Times.—Therefore the princes said unto the king, We beseech thee, let this man (Jeremiah) be put to death; for thus he weakeneth the hands of the men of war that remain in this city, and the hands of all the people, in speaking such words unto them; for this man seeketh not the welfare of this people but their hurt. Then Zedekiah the king said, *Behold he is in your hand*, FOR THE KING IS NOT HE THAT CAN DO ANYTHING AGAINST YOU. Jer. 38: 4, 5.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE.

Then Atchison, Stringfellow and Shannon said unto the President, let these free State men of Kansas be put to death, for they weaken the hands of the border ruffians, and the hands of all the people that live by raising children to sell—these Boston fanatics seek not the welfare of this people (slaveholders alone being THE people) but their hurt.

Then the President said, Behold Kansas is in your hand, for *the President is not he that can do anything against you.*—*Hartford Religious Herald.*

The people of Kentucky, if permitted to breathe the free air, would be brave and generous; but slavery has broken their spirit, and they now wink at crimes and outrages which would make savages stare with astonishment. When Mr. Brady, the Lexington school teacher, was surrounded by a gang of ferocious ruffians, all burning with a desire to taste the blood of an *Abolitionist*, and peering through the windows to see that he did not escape, there were, in the same apartment with him, the School Committee, four members of the city Council, the city Marshal, the Mayor; and they all urged him to sneak out of the back door! He asked them whether it was not their business, in such a case, to protect him? They shrank from the task, and replied that it would cost them their lives if they did; in other words, it would be dangerous to do their duty! Mr. Brady bravely, nobly, manfully told them, that he scorned to fly when he had committed no crime; so he went forth to meet the mob; and the mob, taking advantage of his defenceless condition, wreaked their cowardly vengeance upon him. The chivalrous officers did sneak out of the back door; but the "trembling Abolitionist" fearlessly confronted the mob. What a contrast does this present? Alas, for Kentucky!—*Cleveland Leader.*

Not so Bad as Reported.—As all manner of hard enterprises and bad luck is *said* to belong to Friday, it affords us pleasure to be able to record the following as evidence for the defence. We copy from *The Capital State Reporter*:

"*Friday Not an Unlucky Day.*—This day, which has been long superstitiously regarded as a day of ill-omen, has been an eventful one in American history.

"On Friday Christopher Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery; on Friday he, though unknown to himself, discovered the Continent of America; on Friday Henry III. of England gave to John Cabot his commision which led to the discovery of North America; on Friday St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded; on Friday the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbour of Provincetown, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution; on Friday George Washington was born; on Friday Bunker Hill was seized and fortified; on Friday the surrender of Saratoga was made; on Friday the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown occurred, the crowning glory of the American arms; on Friday the motion was made in Congress that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be free and independent. Americans surely need not be afraid of Friday."

Annual Slave-Letting near Washington.—Our Washington correspondent gives the following account of the annual sale of the labour of slaves in that vicinity:

"Last Saturday week many of our Eastern men went across the line into Virginia, to be present at the annual sale of the labour of negroes for the year, or in other words, hiring out the slaves to the highest bidder. At Fairfax Court-House, the scene was diversified with many ludicrous incidents, and some too that would have drawn tears from the most stolid of men. The negroes were allowed to go through the crowd and request those whom they would prefer to serve, to bid for them. Most of the slaves do this, so it is no uncommon thing for a darkey to give a list of his accomplishments, and produce every recommendation in his favour that he can obtain. A woman whose children were retained by her owner, but who was to be hired out that year, requested a near neighbour of her owner to hire her, so that she could be near her children. To induce this man to make a higher bid than his competitors, she offered to pay the difference, in advance, from her own pocket. One wished to be hired by the man who had obtained the services of his wife, and to bring this about he showed a recommendation from the master of last year, and also a license to exhort in the Methodist Church. The men were hired out at the rate of from $90 to $125; the women $30 to $70; and the boys from $40 to $80. The girls were hired out as a general thing for their board and clothes."—*Bost. Trav.*

Extraordinary Caligraphy.—A wonderful piece of caligraphy and micrography is now exhibiting at No. 483 Broadway, Wallack's Building, by a Polish Jew named David son. Many strange works of patience and nice art are there visible, both in Hebrew and English; but the chief is the English Old Testament *written on a single sheet of paper.* The whole affair is arranged with respect to certain mysterious relations of numbers and their squares and other multiples, familiar for many ages to the Cabala of the Hebrews. In a utilitarian point of view, this production might indeed go to the wall. We read in ancient history of the Iliad in a nutshell. Alexander the Great was visited by one of these minute artists, who by long practice had acquired the art of throwing grains of wheat through a needle's eye: he did so with a bushel of grains; which grains the merry king immediately gave him for his reward. But let us not so sourly judge this humble Jewish scribe, who seems deeply reverent towards that part of the Scripture, and who tries by this means to acquire the means of seeing his wife and four children, whom he has not met for seven years. As a result of patience, accuracy, delicate touch and admirably calculated arrangement and partition, it may challenge comparison with anything in the world.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Prayers.—There is something almost offensive in even criticising a prayer; yet it has become necessary. I believe I speak the language of thousands of hearts, who would not care to utter it, when I say that in very many of our pulpits, of all sects, the prayers have become something odious to us. To see a man rise and, with solemn manner of worship, professed to be addressed to the Infinite Spirit, utter an elegant, careful statement whether of doctrine or technical expressions evidently intended for the audience, containing no one word or sentence which really his heart would utter, and filled with phrases which have lost all life to him and almost everybody else, is to me so disagreeable and offensive, that I feel ashamed at bowing my head in union with such mummery. When the living spirit has left the pulpit, you can bear for long the empty sermons and soulless exhortations. You may feel your patience a kind of sacrificial offering to the great cause of social worship and expressed religion. But to feign a part in a prayer, which to your mind is an empty pretence, or an arbitrary, technical mode of showing the spirit of supplication, is revolting to one's honesty and reverence; and such services become a burden and an offence. The cause of the difficulty is two-fold. It lies in that tendency which curses all human effort, to forget the inward for the outward, to lose sight of the soul, to run into routine; and farther, in many instances, in a *constitutional inability* to utter public prayers. There are men who *cannot pray* in public, and never will. The remedies for both I leave to the consideration of your readers.—*C. L. Brace, in The Independent.*

The Skies bright in New York.—We have read a good many letters, conferred personally with many Temperance men from different parts of the State, and examined with care all the printed returns that have come to hand, touching the late general election in the State of New York. And it is with joyful emotion that we declare, that we experience deeper and more vivid gratification from each review of that momentous contest. The more we learn in detail from the several counties, and the result as to the local candidates (into whose hands to so great an extent the enforcement of the Law is lodged), the more the victory for Temperance heightens and expands, until its proportions become amazingly grand. Let no one entertain a doubt about New York. Were every other Prohibitory State now to go back (and not one of them will) the Empire State would still bear "full high advanced," as a spectacle of joy and hope to the world, the banner of Prohibition!

The decision of the Court of Appeals, we regret to say, will not be rendered until March. But we feel very sanguine that the Law will be sustained. In the meantime, the most active and vigorous preparations are afoot to enforce it, the moment it has passed the ordeal of the Courts. In many parts of the State the traffic has not been revived since the Fourth of July; and in some other sections, the Liquor bars have been closed by late favourable decisions of the lower Courts. The night is far spent. On every hand there is a general expectation of a great coming glory!—*Prohibitionist.*

Mr. Soule.—Mr. Soule, the late Minister of the United States at Madrid, has been in retirement since his return from his mission, engaged, it has been reported, in the composition of his work. But in Spain they have not forgotten the ex-Minister. From a letter dated Madrid, December 19th, which we find in a late number of the Brussels *Independence Belge*, we translate the following paragraph:

"Lovers of scandal will soon be fully satisfied. In the session of December 1st, as well as that of December 2d, on the occasion of the violent attacks of the Democrats on Marshal O'Donnell, M. Orense, in order to vindicate himself from some allusions that had been addressed to him in regard to the understanding established between the Spanish Democrats and Mr. Soule, declared that a man who was at the Saladero at the time of the revolution of July had falsified signatures and forged documents designed to make it appear that negotiations had been concluded between the late Minister of the United States and the Spanish Democrats on the subject of the sale of the Island of Cuba. M. de Lazen (the person accused of the forgeries by M. Orense) has resolved, in view of this public accusation, to publish a pamphlet which will reveal everything on this grave question, and to make known the names of all the principal Democrats who were pledged, in case they came into power, to sell the Island of Cuba to the United States."

These revelations of M. de Lazen will be interesting in the United States as well as in Cuba. It is to be hoped that the full history of this memorable mission to Spain will one day be published.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Interesting Curiosities.—Through the politeness of our friend Dr. Newton R. Flemming, we yesterday had placed in our hand several interesting curiosities—interesting because of the localities from which they were taken, and because of the veneration with which every Christian or Israelite regards those localities.

1. A rock from the top of Mount Sinai.
2. A phial containing water from the River Jordan.
3. A phial containing water from the Dead Sea.
4. A paper

# Miscellaneous Department.

From The Liberty Bell for 1856.

## JAN AND ZAIDA.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Founded on circumstances which actually occurred at Gresik, on the island of Java, in 1854.

A NATIVE of the island of Celebes, who had been captured by slave-traders, was sold to Mr. Philip Van der Hooft, of Surabaya, in the north-eastern part of Java. A Hindoo slave was given to the captive for a wife; and she died, leaving a son two years old. This child Mr. Van der Hooft give to his sister Maria, a girl of fifteen, who had taken a great fancy to him when he was a babe. She was amused at the idea of receiving little Jan among her birthday presents, but he pleased her, perhaps, as much as any of them; not as an article of property, but as a pretty plaything. He was, in fact, a child of singular beauty. His features were small, his limbs finely formed, and his large, dark Hindoo eyes were, even at that age, tender and almost sad in expression. His sense of sound was exceedingly acute. Maria was musical; and the moment he heard her piano or guitar, he would drop his playthings and run into the parlour. There, he would creep under the table, to be out of the way, and sit listening, with all his soul shining through the varying expression of his countenance. Sometimes he was so excited that he would quiver all over, and end by clapping his hands with a loud crow of delight; but more frequently he was moved to tears. Being a general favourite, and the especial pet of his young mistress, he was seldom ejected from the parlour, when he chose to wander there. When Maria was busy at her embroidery frame, if she raised her eyes she would often see his little dark head peeping in, watching for her to take notice of him; and as soon as she said, "Ah, here comes my little brownie!" he would run to her with a jump and a bound, and stand gazing at the bright colours she was weaving into her work. If she was singing or playing when he entered, she would give him a nod and a smile; and not unfrequently she seated him in her lap, and allowed him to play on the piano. His fingers were too short to reach an octave, but he would touch thirds continually; smiling, and laughing, and wriggling all over with delight. Sometimes she amused herself by touching the first and seventh note of the gamut together, and then he would cringe as if she had put her finger in his eye.

He was but three years old when his mistress married Lambert Van der Veen, and removed with him to a country seat near the neighbouring city of Gresik. Little Jan did not thoroughly like that gentleman, because he was often sent out of the parlour when he came; and Maria was so engrossed with her lover, that she sometimes forgot to nod and smile when "little brownie" peeped into the room. He was very exclusive in his affections. He wanted to have those he loved all to himself. Therefore, though the young man spoke kindly to him, and often gave him sugar-plums, a shadow always passed over his expressive face when, running eagerly at the sound of the piano, he looked into the parlour and saw his rival there.

But after Maria was married, he became, if possible, more of a petted plaything than ever; for her husband was engaged in commercial pursuits, which often took him far from home, and their house, being two miles from the city, was more quiet than her father's place of residence had been. She occupied many of her lonely hours in teaching Jan various infantile accomplishments, and especially in developing his remarkable powers of imitation. The birds greatly attracted his attention; and in a few months he could mock them so perfectly that they mistook his voice for their own. He soon did the same with the buzz and whirr of every insect, and laughed to hear how all the little creatures answered him. Nature had made him almost as sensitive to colours as to sounds; and whenever his mistress went into the garden, he would run after her to beg for a flower. She liked the sound of his little paddling feet, and often smiled to watch his pliant motions and graceful form, clothed only with a large party-coloured bamboo hat, and a girdle of broad fringe about his loins. When the master was at home he was obliged to find his entertainment more among the slaves. They generally liked to sing or whistle to him, and would laugh merrily at his eager attempts to imitate. But some, who had children of their own, envied the high favour he enjoyed, and consequently bore no good will toward him. They did not dare to strike him, but they devised many ways of making him uncomfortable. Decidedly he liked the parlour better than the slaves' quarters. He preferred it, in the first place, because he was more attended to there; and in the next place, because he could hear so many pleasant sounds, and see so many pretty things. He liked the cool straw carpet, and the pale green walls. The big china jars were an object of perpetual delight. He was never weary of putting his little fingers on the brilliant flowers and butterflies, with which they were plentifully adorned. But what excited his wonder more than anything else, was a folding screen of oriental workmanship, which separated the parlour from the dining-room; for there were gilded pagodas, Chinese mandarins with peacock's feathers in their caps, and two birds-of-paradise, as large as life; a great deal larger, in fact, than the mandarins or the pagodas. Then it was so pleasant to peep out into the garden, through the vine-embowered lattice-work of the verandah; to see the blooming roses, and the small fountain's silvery veil; to inhale the fragrance of the orange blossoms, and listen to the cool trickling of the tiny water drops. All this was in reality his, for he knew not that he was a little slave; and it is the privilege of unconscious childhood to own whatsoever it delights in. In this point of view it all belonged to little Jan more truly than it did to Mr. Van der Veen. No wonder he sighed when the master returned, since it condemned him, for a time, to a degree of exile from his paradise. Perhaps there was some slight jealousy on the other side, also; for though the gentleman was always kind to his wife's favourite, he sometimes hinted at the danger of spoiling him, and the intercourse between them was never very familiar. At first, little Jan was afraid to approach the parlour at all, when he was at home. But on one occasion, when his stay was unusually prolonged, his patience became exhausted waiting for his departure. He began by peeping in slyly through the folding screen. Seeing himself observed, he ran away; but soon came again and peeped, and receiving a smile from his mistress, he came in timidly, and offering his master a geranium blossom, said, "*May* little Jan stay?" Maria immediately said, "Oh yes, let him stay: he is so happy here." But there was no occasion to plead his cause; for there was no resisting his pretty looks and his graceful offering. Mr. Van der Veen patted his head, and he crept under the table to listen to the piano. After that, he never avoided his master, though he still continued to come in timidly, and if not encouraged by a smile, would run off to bring a flower as an admission fee.

When he was about four years old, a more dangerous rival than a husband appeared. Maria had an infant son, which of course greatly engrossed her attention, and little Jan eyed it as a petted kitten does a new lap-dog. His face assumed an exceedingly grieved expression, the first time he saw her caressing the babe. He did not cry aloud, for he was a very gentle child; but he silently crept away under the table with the flowers he had brought in for his mistress, and as he sat there in a very disconsolate attitude, tears dropped on the blossoms. Some of the servants made the matter much worse, by saying, in his hearing, "Now missis has a young one of her own, she won't make such a fool of that little monkey." His heart swelled very much; and he ran with all haste to ask Madame Van der Veen if she loved little Jan. When he entered the parlour the fond mother happened to be showing her son to visitors; and as she turned, she held him toward the petted slave, saying, "Look at him, Janniken! Isn't he a little beauty?" "No," replied he, louder than any one had ever heard him speak, "*ugly* baby!" and he gave his rival a thrust with his little fist. He was of course sent away in disgrace; and the slave-mothers, seeing him in trouble, greeted him with the exclamation, "Ha, ha, little whistler! I thought *your* nose would be put out of joint."

A clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church, who witnessed this manifestation of hostility toward the baby, adduced it as a proof of the inherent depravity of the human heart. But time showed that the depravity was not very deep. Jan felt the bitter pang of being superseded where he loved, but he had a disposition too kindly to retain ill-will. His heart soon adopted the infant, and they became friends and playmates. When little Lambert grew old enough to toddle about, it was the prettiest of all imaginable sights to see them together among the vine-leaves that crept through the green lattice-work of the verandah. The blue-eyed baby, plump and fair, draped in white muslin, formed a beautiful contrast to his brown companion. They looked like two cupids at play; one in marble, the other in bronze. But though they were almost inseparable companions, and extremely fond of each other, it came to pass through a process of painful weaning, on the part of little Jan. Many a time he "sighed among his playthings," when he saw Maria caressing her babe, without noticing that he was in the room. Many a time tears fell on his neglected offering of flowers.

He was, however, far more fortunate than most slaves who happen to be petted playthings in their childhood; for he only passed out of an atmosphere of love into an atmosphere of considerate kindness. His quick ear for all variations of sound continued to be a great source of gratification to himself and his indulgent mistress. His voice was small, like himself, but it had a bird-like sweetness; and its very imperfections, resulting as they did from weakness and inexperience, imparted an infantine charm to his performances, like the lisping of childish prattle, or the broken utterance of a foreigner. When he could sing two or three simple melodies, Madame Van der Veen gave him a little guitar, and taught him to accompany his voice. The population of Java is an assemblage of various nations; and as he listened intently to whatever he heard hummed, whistled, or played, in the parlour or in the slave-quarters, he knew snatches of a great variety of tunes when he was six years old. It was his pleasure to twine Hindoo, Arab, Javenese, English, and Dutch melodies into improvised fantasias, which resembled grotesque drawings, representing birds and monkeys, flowers, fruit, and human faces, bound together in a graceful tangle of vines. At eight years old, he was often trusted to go to Grésik on errands. Following his usual habits of listening and observing, during these visits to the city, he added greatly to his stock of popular airs, and soon learned to imitate all manner of instruments, as he had formerly imitated the birds, Hindoo lullabies, Arab dances, the boat songs of the Javanese as they passed up and down the river, English marches, Dutch drinking songs, and Chinese jingle-jangles, he could give a lively version of them all; and he was frequently called into the parlour to repeat them for the entertainment of company.

His master said it was time he was taught to labour. Maria assented, but made an arrangement by which duty and inclination were enabled to go hand in hand. She knew that his acutely sensuous nature reveled in perfumes and bright colours; therefore she told the old Dutch gardener to take him for an assistant, and teach him all the mysteries of his art. It is never a toilsome employment to rear flowers and train vines; and in that sunny, fertile region of the earth, light labour is repaid by a lavish tribute of fragrant blossoms and delicious fruit all the year round. Jan had an instinctive sense which taught him what colours harmonized, and what forms were graceful. His mistress often praised his boquets and garlands, and affection for her stimulated him to attain as much perfection as possible in the flowery decorations of her room, her table and her dress. Little Lambert had a great desire to be helpful, also, in the garden, but the exercise heated him, and he so often pulled up flowers instead of weeds, that his mother deemed it necessary to retain him in the house. This arrangement made him so restless and unhappy that Jan undertook the responsibility of supplying him with flowers in the cool arbours, and keeping strict watch upon his movements. He often decorated him with a multitude of small boquets, and twined garlands round his broad palm-leaf hat, till he looked like a dwarf May-pole, and then sent him into the house to show himself to his fond mother, who was always ready to feign ignorance, and inquire what little boy that could be; a manœuvre invariably rewarded by an infantile laugh. In the course of one of these floral exhibitions, two humming-birds followed him in the garden walks. His mother, who was watching him through the verandah lattice, saw the brilliant creatures circling round her darling's head, thrusting their long bills into the blossoms with which he was decorated; and she clapped her hands in an ecstacy of delight. After that, it was a favourite amusement with Jan to attract the humming-birds and butterflies round little master's hat. The next greatest entertainment was to teach him to imitate the birds, and to make him laugh or look solemn while he listened to merry or dolorous music.

Thus bound together by the pleasant links of love, and flowers, and song, they stood together on the threshold of life, unable as yet to conceive the idea of master and slave. But when little Lam, as they called him, was six years old, he was attacked by one of the violent fevers incident to the climate, and all the care unbounded affection could lavish upon him failed to save his life. During his illness he was unwilling to lose sight of Jan, who strewed his pillow with flowers, and sang soothing lullabies with unwearied patience. If the invalid dozed under the influence of his drowsy monotonous tones, he was still unable to leave his post; for the little hand clasped his, as if fearful he would go away. When the spirit of the dear child departed, and the lovely form that once contained it was consigned to the earth, no one but the father and mother mourned like Jan. The first time they visited the grave, they found it covered with flowers he had planted there. In the house, in the garden, everywhere, he missed the noise of the little feet, which seemed like an echo of his own, so constantly they followed him. For awhile, all music was saddened to him, because every air he whistled or sung reminded him of some incident connected with the departed playmate. Months afterward, when he found among the shrubbery a wooden toy he had made for him, he sobbed aloud, and all day long the earth seemed darkened to his vision. This tender bond between him and the lost one revived all the affectionate interest Madame Van der Veen had ever felt for the "little brownie"; but the playfulness of their intercourse was gone, being alike unsuited to the sadness of her spirit and the increasing stature of her favourite.

The young mother drooped under the blow like flowers stricken by a black frost, never to revive again. The healing hand of time rendered her placid and resigned, but her former cheerfulness never returned. She became very devout, and all her music was an utterance of prayer. Looking on this life with the eye of one weary of its illusions, she steadfastly fixed her thoughts on that world whither her darling had gone. From the youthful soul of Jan the shadow was more easily lifted. Again he revelled in the bright colours, the pungent perfumes and the varied sounds of that luxuriant region of the earth. Again he began to mock the birds and the boatmen, and to mingle in dances with the other young slaves. About two years after he lost his best beloved playmate, he met with a companion who more than supplied his place, and who imparted to his existence a greater degree of vivacity and joyfulness than he had ever known. Walking toward Gresik, one morning, to execute some commission for his mistress, he heard a pleasant voice in the distance, singing a merry tune. The sounds approached nearer and nearer, and they were so lively that involuntarily his feet moved faster. Presently, a young girl emerged from a clump of tamarind trees, with a basket of fruit on her head; and the tune stopped abruptly. The expression of her countenance was extremely innocent and modest, and though her complexion was of a deeper brown than his own, a blush shone through it, like the glow of wine through a dark bottle in the sunshine. Jan noticed this as she passed; and something, he knew not what, made him remember her face very distinctly, and wish to see it again. He never went to Grésik without thinking of the merry voice in the distance, and never passed the clump of tamarind trees without recalling the bright vision he met there. Many weeks elapsed before he obtained another glimpse of her; but at last he overtook her with her basket on the way to Grésik; and this time they did not meet to pass each other, for their path lay in the same direction. With mutual bashfulness they spoke and answered; and each thought the other handsomer than they had at first supposed. The acquaintance thus begun rapidly ripened into intimacy. He was not yet thirteen years old, and she was not eleven. But in that precocious clime, Cupid shoots at children with a bow of sugar-cane; and this little maiden carried a store of his arrows in her large lustrous eyes. After that, Jan was seized with redoubled zeal to do all the errands to Grésik; and it so happened that he often overtook her on the way, or found her resting herself among the tamarind trees. Then her road homeward was, for a mile, the same as his own. Thus they travelled back and forth with their baskets, making the air musical as they went; as happy as the birds, and as thoughtless of the coming years. During these frequent interviews, he learned that she was a slave; that her mother was from the island of Bali; and that her Arab father had given her the name of Zaida. Before many months elapsed, Madame Van der Veen heard, from the other servants, that Jan was in love with a pretty girl, whose master lived not far from Grésik; and when she questioned him, he bashfully confessed the fact. Then she spoke very seriously to him, and told him how sorry she should be to see him doing as many did around him. She said if Zaida was a good girl, and wished to marry him, she would try to buy her; and if they would promise to be faithful and kind to each other, they should have a handsome wedding at her house, and bamboo hut to live in. This almost maternal kindness excited his sensitive soul to tears. She seized that impressible moment to talk to him concerning his duties to God, and to explain how He had made man for a higher destiny than to mate, like the birds, for a season.

The negotiation for the purchase of Zaida was somewhat prolonged, and she was at last obtained at an unusually high price; for her master took advantage of Madame Van der Veen's well-known character for generosity and indulgence to the inmates of her household. Meanwhile the gentle lady allowed her slave frequent opportunities of seeing his beloved. Once a week he took his guitar and spent two or three hours with his singing-bird. Every errand to Grésik was intrusted to him, and Zaida found many occasions for going thither at the same hour. Very beautiful were the scenes through which they passed in those happy days. South of them was a range of mountains, blue and softened in the distance. On the north was the bright sea, with the island of Madura lying like an emerald gem on its bosom. Bamboo cottages, shaded by a mass of luxuriant vegetation, dotted the level landscape, as it were, with little islands, whose deep verdure formed a lovely contrast with the rich yellow of the ripened rice fields. Here, the large scarlet blossoms of a pomegranate, beautiful above all other trees, filled the air with fragrance; and there, a tall cocoa-palm reared its great feathery head high above the light elegant foliage of a tamarind grove. Arum lilies held up their large white cups among the luxuriant vines that lay tangled by the wayside; wild peacocks and other gorgeous birds flitted across their path, glittering in the sunlight, like jewels from fairy land. The warbling of birds, the buzzing of bees, the whiz and the whirr of numerous insects, all the swarming sounds of tropical life, mingled with the monotonous tones of boatmen coming down the river Solo with their merchandise, singing with measured cadence,

"Pull and row, brothers! pull and row!"

Only one discordant note disturbed the chorus which nature sang to love. Near the house where Zaida's master dwelt, there lived a Dutchman and his wife, who were notoriously cruel to their slaves. Zaida recounted some shocking instances of severity, and especially expressed pity for a girl little older than herself, who had formerly belonged to a very kind master and mistress. When they died, she was sold at auction, and had the misfortune to pass into the hands of their inhuman neighbour, whose wife was jealous, and lost no opportunity of tormenting her. When Jan was singing some of the plaintive melodies to which his own taste always inclined him, or when, to amuse the merry Zaida, he imitated Chinese jingle jangles, sometimes the sound of the lash, accompanied with shrieks, would break in upon the music or the merriment, and put their spirits out of tune. Nature had made Jan more sensitive than reflective; and he had been brought up so like a humming-bird among flowers, that he had never thought anything about his own liabilities as a slave. Now, for the first time, it occurred to him, "What if *my* master and mistress should die, and *I* should be sold?"

An English family lived very near Madame Van der Veen's, and, as both were musical, an intimacy had grown up between them. The father and mother of this family were very strongly opposed to slavery, and not unfrequently discussed the subject. Jan, as he passed in and out of the parlour, waiting upon the guests, had been accustomed to hear these conversations as though he heard them not. In fact, he often wished the old Englishman would stop talking, and give his son an opportunity to accompany Madame Van der Veen's piano with his flute. But after those lashes and shrieks had waked up his mind to the possibility of auction and transfer, he listened more attentively, and carried with him into riper years the memory of many things he heard.

When he was fourteen years old, and Zaida was twelve, they were married. Madame Van der Veen furnished cake and lemonade for the wedding, and gave gay dresses to the juvenile bride and bridegroom, who looked extremely well in their new finery. Jan had lost something of his childish beauty, but he was still handsome. His yellow complexion was rendered paler by the contrast of his jet black hair and the bright turban that surmounted it. His limbs were slender and flexible, his features small and well proportioned, and his large antelope eyes had a floating, plaintive expression, as if there was always a tear in his soul. Zaida was rounder, and browner, and ruddier. Her dark hair was combed entirely back, and twisted into a knot, ornamented with scarlet flowers. The short downy hairs about the forehead curled themselves into a little wavy fringe. From her small ears were suspended two large gilded hoops, a bridal present from the old Englishman. From her Arab father she inherited eyes more beautifully formed than belonged to her mother's race. The long dark lashes curled upward, and imparted a smiling expression, even in her most serious moments; and when she was amused, her eyes laughed outright. There was a harmonized contrast between her and her bridegroom, which was extremely agreeable. The young Englishman compared them to the major and minor mode; and Madame Van der Veen said they looked like hope and memory. Personal comeliness is rare among the natives of those islands. Little Zaida was like a ruby among pudding-stones.

A bamboo hut, raised two feet from the ground, and consisting of two apartments, without windows, was their bridal home. It was all they needed in a climate where, more than half the year, all household occupations could be most conveniently performed out of doors. There was a broad verandah in front, sheltered from rain and sun by the projecting roof. In front was a grove of orange and lemon trees, and in the rear was a group of plantains, whose immensely long broad leaves and yellow spikes of nodding flowers cast refreshing shadows.

A grass mat, of Jan's own weaving, and pillows filled with a kind of silky down from a wild plant, answered for a bed. Gourd shells, a few earthern dishes, and a wooden waiter from which they ate their meals, seated on the floor, constituted their simple furniture. The rooms, which received light from the open door, were used only for eating and sleeping. The verandah was the place where all their sedentary occupations were pursued. There, Zaida might be seen busy at her spinning wheel and loom; there, Jan wove mats and baskets for his master's household; and there stood his gambang, a musical instrument, with wooden bars of graduated lengths, which he struck with a mallet to accompany the simple Javanese melodies that he and Zaida were accustomed to sing together.

Years passed over their heads without any more serious variations than slight dissensions with the other slaves, occasional illness, and the frequent birth of children. Some of them resembled the father, others the mother; and some had their eyes obliquely set, like the island ancestry from whom they descended. Some were bright, some dull, some merry and some pensive; but Madame Van der Veen pronounced them all very good children; and they certainly were trained to be devotedly attentive to her. During their first years, it cost nothing to clothe them, for they ran about naked; and it required almost as little expense to furnish them with food, where rice was so easily cultivated, and plaintains, cocoas and oranges grew wild. The warmth of the climate, the lavish bounty of the soil, the improvident habits which every human being must necessarily form, who acquires no property by economy, and the extreme indulgence with which he had always been treated by his gentle-hearted mistress, all conspired to render Jan forgetful of the precarious tenure by which he held the external blessings of his mere animal existence. Sometimes, when he went to Grésik, he passed by a slave auction, and the sight always gave him a pang; for it brought up a picture of Zaida and her children standing there amid the indecent jest and rude handling of a crowd of men. Sometimes he witnessed despotic and cruel treatment of slaves, and still more frequently he heard of such instances. Then came recollections of the lashes and shrieks that used to interrupt his music and merriment in the days of courtship; and always they brought with them the question, "What if Zaida and our daughters should ever be sold to such people as that cruel Dutchman and his jealous wife?" While any instances were fresh in his mind, he listened attentively to whatever was said about slavery by his master and the English family. From them he learned how the English, during their brief possession of Java, had interdicted slave traffic with the neighbouring islands; had passed laws forbidding slaves to be sold, except with their own consent; and had allowed them to hold, as their own, any property they were able to acquire. Mr. Van der Veen tried to excuse the Dutch for renewing their slave trade, by urging that it was a necessity imposed upon them, because there was no other method of procuring servants. The Englishman denied any such necessity. He maintained that the natives of Java were intelligent, teachable and honest, and very willing to render services for money. He highly commended the native princes for never permitting any of their own people to be slaves. He told of one of these princes, who had inherited fifty slaves; but when the British Government declared that all should become free, unless publicly registered by their masters, within a specified time, he said, "Then I will *not* register my slaves. They shall be free. I have kept them hitherto, because it was the custom, and because the Dutch liked to be attended by slaves when they visited the palace. But as that is not the case with the British, they shall cease to be slaves; for I have long felt shame, and my blood has run cold when I have reflected on what I once saw at Batavia and Semarang, where human beings were exposed at public sale, placed on a table, and examined like sheep and oxen." The Englishman declared that he lost no opportunity of talking with all classes of people on the subject, and of circulating publications, translated into Dutch, and sent to him from England for that purpose; and he expressed a strong belief that the Dutch would soon abolish slavery. In these conversations, nothing interested Jan so much as his master's statement, that, according to existing laws, slaves might purchase themselves. He resolved to save all the small coins he might receive; and visions flitted through his brain, of mats and baskets to be made, when his daily tasks were completed. But when he received this information, he already had a brood of children; he despaired of ever being able to collect money enough to buy *them*; and his anxious thoughts were far more on their account, than on his own. He always solaced himself with the thought that his mistress would not allow them to be sold while she lived, and that she would certainly make provision for them before she died.

Sixteen years of his married life had passed away, and during all that time such forecasting thoughts had been mere transient clouds fleeting across the sunshine of contentment. But the time came when Mr. Van der Veen was summoned to Batavia, on account of some entanglement in his commercial affairs; and three weeks afterwards, tidings were brought that he had died suddenly in that unhealthy city. Again Jan saw his mistress bowed to the earth with sorrow; and it was beautiful to witness the delicate expressions of sympathy which nature taught him. He moved noiselessly, and spoke softly. He and Zaida sang only religious hymns and soothing tunes, such as she loved to hear after her little Lam was taken away. His prettiest child, then nearly three years old, was sent every morning with a fresh bouquet of the flowers she loved best. He would never lie down for the night until he believed she was sleeping; and his first waking thoughts were devoted to her. It soon became known that Mr. Van der Veen had died in debt, and that a large portion of his property must be assigned to creditors. In this assignment were included many slaves, in various cities, and some belonging to his domestic establishment. Quite a small fortune for the widow was saved from the wreck of his wealth; and in that she expressly stipulated that Jan and all his family should be included, together with the estate on which she had always lived since her marriage. By this unexpected turn of affairs, the remote contingency, which had sometimes created temporary uneasiness in Jan's mind, was brought frightfully near. He never again forgot, for a single day, scarcely for a single hour, that he was merely a favoured slave, and that all the lives intertwined with his held their privileges by the same precarious tenure. He never hinted his anxiety to any one but Zaida; but Madame Van der Veen had the thoughtful kindness to assure him that she would dispossess herself of everything, rather than part with him and his family; saying, at the same time, that there was no danger of her being called upon to make any such sacrifice, as there was enough property left to enable them all to live comfortably. He deeply and gratefully felt her kindness; but the shadow of her death fell darkly across the consolation it imparted. Not for the world would he have told her so, lest the suggestion should increase her melancholy, by making her suppose that even the most attached of her servants, and the only ones she had left, wanted to be free to quit her service.

Their English neighbour, being involved in the same commercial difficulties that had deranged Mr. Van der Veen's affairs, concluded to sell all his property in Java, and remove to Calcutta. He and his family spent their last evening with the widow of their deceased friend. While Jan was arranging fruit for their refreshment in the adjoining room, he heard his own name and that of Zaida uttered in low tones, accompanied with the disjointed words, "So much petted"—"the more hard"—"make provision." In her usual soft tones, but so clearly that he heard every word, Madame Van der Veen replied, "I have thought of all that, my good friend. I will never part with any of them while I live; and when I die, I will leave them all free." "Why not now?" urged the importunate Englishman. She answered, "My heart is heavy to-night, and business oppresses me; but I assure you, most solemnly, that I will attend to it very soon." She never knew what a heavy load those words removed from the soul of her favourite slave. After he heard them, he seemed to step on air. Zaida, to whom the important discovery was forthwith imparted, was even more elated. They hugged and kissed their little ones that night, with a feeling they had never known before; and zeal in the service of their good mistress was thenceforth redoubled. At the departure of the English family, they gave some gay calico dresses to Zaida and the children, and a violin to Jan. The old gentleman put a golden ducat in his hand, saying, "I thank you, my good fellow, for all your attentions to me and mine. There is a trifling keepsake. May the blessing of heaven go with it, as mine does. I shall remember you all in my prayers. Farewell, Jan! Always continue to be faithful and honest." The poor slave had never possessed a piece of gold before, and small as it was, it seemed to him a Golconda mine. First, he buried it in the ground, and put a stone over it. Then he was afraid some creature might dig it up in the night. So he sewed it into a pouch, which he fastened securely within the girdle he constantly wore. The cares and anxieties of wealth had come upon him.

While the carriage was waiting to convey the Englishman away, he walked over to Madame Van der Veen's, to bid a final farewell. His last words were, "My dear Madame, don't forget the talks we have had together; especially what we said last night. Since I have lived in Java, I have done my utmost to sow good seed on this subject, and I trust it will spring up and bring forth a harvest, sooner or later. From time to time, I shall send the magistrates publications, that will prevent their forgetting what I have so often urged upon them. A blessing will rest upon this beautiful island in proportion as they attend to this. Remember it in your prayers, my dear friend, and use your influence aright. Don't say it is small. You have seen in your garden how great a growth comes from one little seed. My friend, there are responsibilities in human society, for which we shall have to answer unto our God. And now, farewell. The voice of the old man will never urge you more. May the blessing of heaven be with you all."

The tendered-hearted widow wept feely; for he had been her husband's friend, and the words he spoke were solemn. She resolved to make her will, and have it duly witnessed, that very day. But a visitor came, and after her departure, she felt a degree of lassitude, which unfitted her for exertion. The next day, she looked over letters from her husband, and brought on headache by inordinate weeping. She was indolent by temperament and by habit, and she was oppressed with melancholy. Weeks passed on, without any more definite result than a frequent resolution to make her will. She had gone to bed with a mind much impressed with what her English friend said at parting, and troubled with self-accusation that she had neglected it so long, when Zaida was summoned to her bedside at midnight, and found her head hot, and her pulse throbbing. In the morning, she was delirious, and looked wildly upon her faithful attendants without recognising them. With her incoherent ravings, during the day, were frequently mixed the words, "Jan—Zaida—children free." The slaves listened tearfully to these broken sentences, and felt fresh assurance that she had provided for them. The physician thought otherwise; but he merely said that something disturbed her mind, and if her life was not spared, he hoped she would have an interval of reason before she died. At the sound of that dreadful "*if*," Jan rushed out of the room, rolled himself on the floor, and sobbed convulsively. There was no selfishness in his sorrow; for he had not the slightest doubt that she, who never broke a promise, had cared thoughtfully for the future welfare of himself and his family. It was simply the agony of parting from his earliest and best friend. She lingered four days, but reason never returned. Into that brief period was compressed more misery than Jan had experienced during his whole life. Gloomy forebodings brought all the superstitions of the island in their train. The first night his mistress was taken ill, he shook his head, and said, "Ah, Zaida, don't you remember she went to Surabaya to dine, the very day we heard of master's death? I told you then it was a very bad sign to go abroad the same day that you hear of the death of a friend." The next night he was startled by an unusual noise, attributed to explosions among the distant volcanic mountains; and that was regarded as a certain prognostic of impending disaster. The following day was unusually sultry, and in the evening he saw phosphoric light quivering over the nasturtiums in the garden. He had never witnessed the phenomenon before, and he was not aware that such a peculiarity had been previously observed in that glowing plant. He had no doubt that that light came from Spirits, who were waiting for Madame Van der Veen's soul. On the fourth morning, he saw two crows fighting in the air; and thenceforth he had no hope.

The spirit of his beloved mistress departed from her body at midnight. The rainy season was then approaching, attended by the usual characteristic of violent storms. The house trembled with the rolling thunder, and flashes of intensely vivid lightning illumined the bed where the corpse lay, imparting, for a moment, an appalling glare to its ghastly paleness. Jan and Zaida were familiar with such storms, but never before had they seemed so awful, as amid the death-loneliness of that deserted house. A friendly neighbour pitied their grief and terror, and offered to remain with them until after the funeral. It was like tearing Jan's heart out, to see that dear face carried away, where he could behold it no more. Exquisitely sensitive by nature, his whole being was now all nerve and feeling, lacerated to the extremest degree of suffering. She was placed by the side of her little Lam, and there he planted the flowers she had best loved. He laid himself down on the ground, and moaned like a faithful dog, on his master's grave. He thought of the stories others had told him concerning his petted childhood; he remembered her sympathy and good advice when he was first in love with Zaida; he recalled a thousand instances of her indulgent kindness; the whole crowned by the precious gift of freedom. He *could* not reconcile himself to the thought that he should never again have her to rely upon. He had no heart for anything but to tend the flowers on those graves.

When this storm of grief began to subside, he consoled himself with the thought, "Whatever happens now, I can never again suffer as I *have* suffered." More than a week passed before he heard that Madame Van der Veen had left no will; that she had survived all her immediate relatives; and that the nearest heir to the property resided at Manilla. This was a stunning blow. Zaida reminded him how their good mistress had instructed them to pray to God when they were in trouble; and many a fervent imploring supplication ascended from their humble hut. Jan resolved to plead earnestly with the heir, and he comforted himself with the idea that the physician would tell him how their kind mistress had spoken of their freedom during her illness. But even if his entreaties should prevail with the stranger, where could they live? Could they be sure of finding employment? He spent every leisure moment in weaving mats and baskets for sale, and the children were kept busy gathering wild fruits for the market. Those things sold for a very low price, and it would be a long time indeed before he could acquire a piece of land and a hut by that process. But the gold piece! He felt of his girdle to ascertain if it was safe. Yes, it was there; a nest egg, from which his imagination hatched a large brood of chickens. Hope struggled with anxiety for a few weeks, and Zaida, who always looked on the bright side, continually repeated her belief that everything would turn out well. But, at last, news arrived that the heir did not intend to visit Java; that he had intrusted the business to an agent, with instructions to sell all the property, of every description, and remit the proceeds to him. Poor Jan thought he could never again suffer as he had suffered; but he was mistaken. This last blow broke him down entirely. A vision of the auction stand, with his children bid off to different purchasers, was always before him. The lashes and shrieks which had so much impressed his youthful mind, forever resounded in his imagination; but now the shrieks came from Zaida and their little ones.

During the three weeks that preceded the sale, he could scarcely eat or sleep. He became emaciated and haggard, to such a degree that all who knew him felt pity for him. The sympathizing feeling was, however, soon quieted by saying to themselves, "It is a hard case, but it cannot be helped. Poor fellow! I hope they will find kind masters." The physician spoke to many people in Gresik and its neighbourhood, declaring there could be no manner of doubt that Madame Van der Veen had fully intended they should all be free. He told the agent how her mind was troubled upon the subject during her delirium. He replied that he was very sorry the lady had left no will, but it was no affair of his; he must obey the instructions he had received. The case excited a good deal of interest. Many of the Dutch residents shook their heads when they heard of it, and said, "The English are in the right; this system is a disgrace and a blight upon our island."

All the day preceding the auction, Jan lay moaning at the grave of his mistress. All night he wandered round, looking at the flowers in the moonlight. He had tended them so long they seemed to know him, and to nod a sorrowful farewell. Sadder still it was to look upon the bamboo hut and its enclosure, connected with the garden by a little open-work gate. That bridal home, which his kind mistress had provided for them, and which was consecrated to his memory by so many years of humble happiness, never had it seemed so dear to him as now. There stood the loom, where he had so often seen Zaida at work. There was the gambang he had made for himself, the sounds of which his departed master and mistress used to love to hear mingled with their voices, softened by the evening air on which they floated across the garden. There hung the old guitar she had given him in boyhood; and by its side was the violin, a parting present from the young Englishman. Even if he was allowed to retain these, would they ever sound again, as they had sounded there? As the dawning light revealed each familiar object, a stifling pain swelled more and more within his heart. When he saw his children eating what would, perhaps, be their last breakfast together, every gourd shell that contained their little mess of rice seemed more valuable, in his eyes, than crown jewels to a dethroned monarch. Overcome with the struggle, he laid himself down on the mat and sobbed. Zaida, always hopeful, had borne up tolerably well till now; but now she yielded to despair, and rocked backward and forward violently, groaning aloud. Eight children, the oldest a lad of fourteen, the youngest a girl of three years old, sat on the floor weeping, or hiding their heads in their mother's lap. Thus they were found by the man who came to take them to the auction at Grésik. Poor Jan! how often, in the latter years, had vague presentiments of this flitted across his mind, when he passed that dreadful place! He too well remembered the heartless jokes and the familiar handling which had made him shrink from the possibility of such a fate for his wife and children. Zaida, indeed, was no longer an object of jealousy for any cruel master's wife. She was not hideously ugly, like most slaves of her age, in that withering climate; but her girlish beauty had all departed, except a ghost of it still lingering in her large dark eyes. Their light was no longer mirthful, but they were still beautiful in colour, and expressed, as it were, the faint echo of a laugh, in their peculiar outline and long curling lashes. By her side stood a daughter, twelve years old, quite as handsome as she was at that age; and another, of ten, with her father's gazelle eyes, and the golden yellow complexion, which Javanese poets are accustomed to praise as the perfection of loveliness. The wretched aspect of the father and mother struck all beholders. When Jan mounted the stand, he cast one despairing glance around him, and lingered longest on the smallest lamb of his flock, who was crying with terror, and clinging fast to her mother's skirts. He tossed his arms wildly upward, gave one loud groan, then bowed his head and wept in silence. Poor Zaida hid her face on his shoulder, and the whole group trembled like leaves in a storm. The auctioneer called out, "Here's a valuable lot, gentlemen. Eight healthy, good-looking children. The father and mother still young enough to do a good deal of work, and both of excellent character. Whoever will bid six thousand florins [$2,333] for them may have them; and it will be a great bargain." It was no comfort to the poor victims to be offered in a lot; for they might be bought by speculators, who would separate them. Jan listened, with all his soul in his ears. Not a voice was heard. The auctioneer waited a moment before he called out, "Will you say four thousand florins, gentlemen?" No one spoke. "Shall I have two thousand florins? That is really too cheap." Still all remained silent.

Jan had never forgotten that his master had said the law allowed slaves to buy themselves. His poverty had hitherto prevented his deriving any consolation from that thought. But now a ray of hope darted through his soul. He raised his drooping head suddenly, and a gleam, like the rising sun, passed over his pale, haggard countenance, as he said, eagerly, "I will give a golden ducat." Then, dropping on his knees, he exclaimed, in imploring tones, which intense emotion rendered thrilling, "Oh, gentlemen, *don't* bid over me. It is all I have in the world. Oh, good gentlemen, *don't* bid over me!" Tears dropped from the eyes of many young people; the agent swallowed hard; and even the auctioneer was conscious of a choking feeling in his throat. There was dead silence for more than a minute. Then was heard the sound of the heavy hammer, followed by these words: "The whole lot is going for a ducat. [$2 20 cents.] Going! going! *gone!* to Jan Van der Veen!"

It was one of humanity's inspired moments; when men are raised above the base influences of this earth, and see things as Spirits see them in the light of heaven. Hats, turbans and handkerchiefs waved, and a cheerful "hurra!" met the ears of the redeemed captives. Jan belonged to himself, and owned all his family! Verily, the blessing of heaven did go with the Englishman's golden ducat, to a degree far beyond what he dreamed of when he gave it. Jan could hardly credit his own senses. The reaction from despair to such overwhelming joy was too much for him. His brain was dizzy, and his limbs trembled. When he tried to rise, he tottered, and would have fallen if Zaida had not caught him in her arms. "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" murmured some of the spectators. A man took off his hat, dropped a florin into it, and passing it round, said, "Give him a trifle, gentlemen, to set himself up with. He has always been a good, industrious fellow, and his mistress meant to provide for him. Give him a trifle, gentlemen!" There was a noise of falling coin. Zaida pulled her husband by the sleeve, and whispered in his ear, "Thank the gentlemen." He seemed like one half awake; but he made an effort, and said, "Thank you, good gentlemen! May God bless you and your ——" He would have added children; but his eye happened to rest on his own smallest darling, and the thought that nobody could take her from him now choked his utterance. He covered his face with his thin hands, and wept.

Was the golden ducat *all* that poor despairing slave owed to the good Englishman? No; that was the smallest part of the debt; for to the moral influence of his conversation, and the books and papers he scattered in the neighbourhood, might mainly be attributed the changing public sentiment, which rendered the crowd silent at that mournful scene, and thus en